A VIEW

OF THE

Lancaſhire Dialect;

BY WAY OF DIALOGUE,

Between *Tummus o'William's, o'Margit o'Reaph's,* and *Meary o'Dick's, o'Tummy o'Peggy's.*

CONTAINING

THE ADVENTURES AND MISFORTUNES OF

A Lancaſhire Clown.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

THE FLYING DRAGON AND THE MAN OF HEATON,

The Blackbird—The Gooſe,

The Gardener and the Aſs—The Pluraliſt and Old Soldier,

AND A GLOSSARY OF THE

LANCASHIRE WORDS AND PHRASES.

BY TIM BOBBIN, ESQ.

An old Adept in the Dialect.

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A VIEW OF

THE LANCASHIRE DIALECT.

Enter TUMMUS *and* MEARY.

Tum. ODDS me, Meary! whooa the Dickens wou'd o thowt o'leeting o thee here ſo ſoyne this Morning? Where has to bin? Theaw'rt aw on a Swat, I think; far theaw looks primely.

Mea. Beleemy, Tummus, I'welly loſt my wynt; far I've had ſitch o traunce this Morning as eh neer had e'meh live: Far I went to Jone's o Harry's o'lung Jone's, far't borrow their Thible to ſtur th' Furmety weh, an his wife had lent it to Bet o'my Gronny's: So I ſkeawr't eend wey, an' when eh coom there, hoo'd lent it to Keſter o'Dick's, an the Dule ſteawnd im far a Brindl't Carl, he'd mede it int' Shoon Pegs. Neaw wou'd not ſitch o Moonſhine traunce potter onny Body's Plucks?

T. Mark whot e tell the, Meary; far I think longer ot fok liv'n, an th' moor miſchoances they han.

M. Not awlus o Goddill.—But whot meys o't'ſowgh on ſeem ſo dane keſt? Far I can tell o' I'm ſene ſee o' whick an hearty.

T. Whick an hearty too! Oddzo! but I con tell the whot, its moore in bargin o't im oather whick or hearty; far 'twur Seign Peawnd t'a tuppenny Jannock, I'd bin os deeod os o Dur Nele be this awer; far th' laſt oandurth boh one me Meaſter had lik't o kilt meh: on juſt neaw, os ſure os thee and me ar ſtonning here, I'm actilly running meh Country.

M. Why, whot's bin th' matter, hanney fawn eawt with ur Meaſter?

T. Whot? there's bin moort' do in a Gonnort muck, I'll uphowd tey; far what duſt think? bo'th' tother Dey boh Yuſterdey, huz Lads moot'n ha o bit on o Hallidey, (becoſe it wur th' circumciſion onner Ledey, I believe) yet we munt do ſome Odds-on-eends; on I munt oather breeod Mowdywarp-holes or gut' Ratchdaw weh o Keaw on o Why-kawve—Neaw, loothy Meary, I'r lither, on had o mind on o Jawnt: ſo I donn'd meh Sundey Jump o top o meh Singlet, on wou'd go with Keaw on th' Kawve, and the Dule tey aw bad Luck far me, far eawer Bitch *Nip* went wimmey, and that mede ill wurr.

M. I connow gawm heaw that cou'd mey ill luck, Tummus.

T. Now, nor no mon elze till they known; boh here's a fine droy canking Pleck under this Thorn, let's keawer us deawn oth Yeorth o bit, on I'll tell the aw heaw't wur.

M. Weh aw meh Heart, far meh Deme's gon fro Whoam, on hoo'll naw cum ogen till Bagging-time.

T. Whau, os I'r telling the, I'd gut' Ratchdaw: So I geet up be ſtrike o Dey, on ſeet eawt; on went ogreath tilly welly come within two Mile oth Teawn; when, os the Dule wou'd height, o *Tit* wur ſtonning ot on Eleheawſe Dur; on meh Kawve (the Dule bore eawt it Een far meh) took th' Tit far it Moather, on wou'd need ſeawk her; on I believe th' fooliſh Tooad of a Tit took th' Kawve far hur Cowt, hoo whinnit ſo when hoo ſaigh it; boh wen hoo felt it ſeawke, hoo up with ur Hough on kilt meh Kawve os deeod os o Nit!

M. E Lord! Whot o Trick wur that.

T. Trick! Odds Fleſh, ſitch o trick wur newer plede eh *Englondſhiar*.

M. Why, hark ye, Tummus, whot cudney doo weet? Yoad'n be quite brok'n!

T. Doo! whot cud eh do? 'ſfleſh in't had bin kilt greadly, twou'd ha bin os good Veeol os e'er deed on a Thwittle; far me Meaſter moot a had ſeignteen Shilling on ſuſpence far't th' yeandurth ofore.

M. On didney leeof it ith' Lone?

T. Ne, Meary; I'r naw ſitch a Gawby os tat coom too, noather; far os Luck wou'd height, o Butcher

wur

wur ith' Eleheawſe, on he coom eawt when he heard meh kawve bawh; boh eſtid o being ſooary, when he ſaigh it ſprawling oth Yeorth, th' fly'ring Karron ſeet up a Gurd o' Leawghing, on coo'd far ſhawm tell me, he'd berry it meh far a Pint of Ele.

M. Whau, that wur pratty cheap; far Dicky o Will's o Jone's o Sam's, towd me, ot he berrit o Chilt tother Dey ot Ratchdaw, on he pede *Jo Gren* o Groat far a Greave no bigger in a Phippunny Trunk.

T. Whau, that moot be; bo I'd naw geet him: Far I'd borrot o Shoo, on wou'd berrit meh ſeln; I'r thrunk ſhoaving it in when o Thowt coom int' me Noddle, ot th' hoyde cou'd be no war; ſo I'd flee it; boh the Dale a Thwittle wurt' be leet on boh th' Butcher's, on th' ſpoytſoo Tike wou'd naw leeond it meh: Neaw, Meary, whot cou'd onny Mon doo?

M. Do! I'ſt o gon ſtark woode.

T. I believe ot wou'd, or onny Mon elze; boh that wou'd doo nowt eh my keſe: So I bargint with th' Raſcot; he'ur to tey th' Hoyde growing to th' Carcuſs, on geh meh Throtten-pence: So I geet th' Braſs, on went eentway with Keaw.

M. Neaw me Mind miſgives meh ot yoor'n gooing a ſleeveleſs Arnt; on at Felly wou'd naw tak' th' Keaw bate th' Kawve.

T. Uddzo, Meary! Theaw geawſes within two tumbles of a Leawſe; far it wur lung, on lunger, efore eh wou'd: Boh when I towd him heawt wur knock'd oth Sow, wi' o Tit Coak'n os he coom, on thot he mood order weh meh Meaſter obeawt it, he took her at lung length: Then I went on bowt two Peawnd o Sawt, on an Eawnce o black Pepper far eawer Fok, on went toart Whoam ógen.

M. With a fearfoo heyvy Heart, I'll uphowd o'.

T. Eigh, eigh! that's true; boh whottle to ſey when ot eh tell the he ne'er berrit Kawve; boh ſowd it at *Owdham* that Oandurth, far Twopence hawpenny o Peawnd!

M. Sey! Why, be me Troth it wur fere cheeoting; but it's meet like their raſcotly tricks; far there's not an honeſt booan ith hoyde o newer o greaſy tyke on um aw.

T. Indeed, Meary, I'm eh thy Mind; far it wur reet Rank: Boh I think eh me Guts, ot Raſcots ith' Ward, ar os thick os Waſps in a Hummobee Neeſt.

M. It's not tell, but I'ſt marvel ſtraungely on yo leet on o wur Kneave in this.

T. Alack-o-day! theaw knows but little oth matter. ——Boh theawſt hear——I'd neaw gett'n forrud, back ogen, oboon a Mile, or ſoa, ofore o ſaigh o parcel o Lads on Hobbletyhoys, os thrunk os Thrap Wife: When ot eh geet too um, I cou'd now gawm whot tearn obeawt; far two on um carrit o Steeigh o their Shilders, onother had o Riddle in his Hont, on *Hal o' Nabs*, ith' *Midge-lone*, had his Knockus lapt in his Barmſkin: Awth' reſt on um had Hoyts, or lung Kibboes, like ſwinging Sticks or Raddlings.

M. Ith' neme o'Katty, whot wur'n the far?

T. Nowt ots owt theaw may be ſure, if that hawm-poing tyke Hal wus weh um: Neaw theaw mun know, ot one Neet laſt Shearing Time, when *Jone's o'Harry's* geet thear Churn, this ſeme Scapgallows wur tean eh thear Pleawmtree; on wur eh ſitch o flunter eh getting deawn o gen, ot eh fell, on broke th' Collar Boan on his Leg.

M. O wrang Joynt, hong him. I know him weel enough; far th' laſt great Snow he'ur far honging o Hare eh ſome Hure Gillers! on throttle eaw'r poor Teawzer in o Clewkin Grin.

T. The varra ſeme—So I aſht him whot tearn far; Why, ſed he, ween meet neaw ſeen on Eawl fly through yon Leawp Hoyle into th' Leath, on we'er gooing tey hur: Come, Tum, (ſed he) Egad, iftle geaw with us, theawſt ſee ſitch gam os tha newer ſaigh eh the live: beſide, theawſt howd th' Riddle;—ſed I, I know naw whot to meeons be howding th' Riddle, boh I'll geaw weh aw meh heart intle teytch me. I con ſhow the in a Crack, ſed he; ſo oway we went, on begun o cromming oth Leawp-hoyles, on th' Slifters ith Leath-woughs full o Awts; then we reeart Steeigh ſawſly ogen th' Wough, under th' Eawl Hoyle. Neaw, Lads, (ſed Hal) mind yer Hits, I'll lap meh Honds eh me Barmſkin, ot hoo

cannaw

cannaw ſcrat me when ot eh tak'ur ith' Hoyle: *Tam o'William's* mun clime th' Steeigh, thrutch th' Strey eawt oth Leawp-hoyle, on howd th' Riddle cloyſe on't; aw th' reſt mun be Powlerers, on flay hur into't. So owey they ſeete into th' Leath, on toynt dur; on I——

M. Why, neaw, I'll be far, if I'd naw rether ha ſeent in o Puppy-ſhow.

T. Good Lorjus, Meary, theaw'rt ſo heaſty; ſo I clum th' Steeigh in o Snift, ſhoavt th' Awts eawt on ſmackt me Riddle oth' Hoyle: I'd no ſooner done ſooa, but I heard one on um ſey, ſee o, ſee o, hoos teear. Shu, ſed one; Shu, ſed another——Then they aw beguh o hallowing and whooping like heygomad. I thowt it wur rear'ſt Spoort ot ewer mortal Mon ſaigh. So I gran, on I thrutcht, till meh arms warch't ogen; ſtill they kept ſhuing, on powlering ith' Leath; on then I thowt I felt ſommot nudge th' Steeigh——I lookt deawn, on there wor on owd Soo bizzy ſcratting hur A—ſe o one o'th' Strines.——'Sfleſh, thinks It' meh ſen, hool ha meh deawn eend neaw:——Juſt then, I thowt I heard th' Eawl come into th' Hoyle; on preſently ſummut come with o greyt fluſk thro' th' Riddle.

M. Odds mine! on didney let hur gooa, or yo took'n hur?

T. Took'n hur; Ney, Meary, on Eawl's naw ſo ſooyne tean—boh I con hardly tell the, I'm—ſo waughiſh—far I'm readyt cook'n with th' thowts ont; there wur non to tey, Meary.

M. Whot, no Eawl?

T. Now, now, not tear——it wur nowt oth' warld o God, boh arron owd Lant, ot teyd'n mede war weh loafing ther Breeches in't: on that Hodgepodge coom eh meh feaſe weh ſuch o ber, ot o ſum heaw it mede meh meazy, on I fell off th' Seeigh, boh more be choance thin onny good luck, I leet diſactly oth' Soo, wey ſitch o ſoltch, ot I think eh meh guts ot hoor booath wur flay'd on hurt in I wur.

M. E Lord! what o wofoo faw had'n yo.

T. Eigh, faw, eigh; far I thowt I'd brok'n the Cupperboan o meh A—ſe; boh it wur better in lickly, far I'd

I'd no hurt boh th' tone Theawm ſtunniſht, on th' ſkin buzz'd off th' whirl-booan o meh knee, ot mede meh t' hawmpoo o bit.

M. Awt upon um, whot unmannerly Powſements; I'ſt o bin ſtark giddy at um, on ha raddlt ther Booans.

T. I'r os woode os teaw cou'd be, or onny Mon elze: boh theaw knows ev'ry Mon's not a Witch: Heaweer I hawmpo't reawnd th' Leath fort ſnap ſome oth' bullocking baſturts: Boh noan cou'd eh leet on; for they'rn aw cropp'n intoth' Leath; on th' Durs os faſt os *Beeſt'n* Caſtle: Boh they mead'n me't hear um efeath! far they'rn aw wherrying on leawghing, whooping on ſheawting, like Maddlocks, ot ther new tean Eawl os teh cawd'n meh; Wuns, Meary! in id had foyar i'ſt o ſet th' owd Leath on o Halliblaſh in id deed far't; boh then th' Soo kept ſitch o ſkriking reeking din, os if hur back wur eteaw eh two ſpots, ot I durſt not ſtey no longer far fear o ſumbody cumming, on meying me neceſſary to hur deeoth: So I ſcamſpurt owey os hard os eh cou'd pin: On ran o Mile eh that pickle ofore eh ga one glent behund meh: Then I leept o'er a Ryz'n-hedge, on os o Rindle o Wetur wur wheem, I waſht aw meh clooas, till it coom to meh hure: On aw little enough too; far I think eh meh guts I'ſt ſtink like a Foomort while meh neme's *Tum.*

M. Neaw een be meh troth! I thowt ye ſavort' fearfoo ſtrung on o Yarb. Boh when aw's done, Tummus, this Killing ot Kawve, on Eawl-catching war noan awlung o Nip.

T. Odds heart, howd teh tung, Meary; far I oather angurt ſum He witch, or the Dule threw his Club o'er meir that Morning when eh geete up: Far Misfartins coom on meh os thick os Leet.

M. Uddzlud, non thro' Nip, o Goddil?

T. Thro' Nip, yigh thro' Nip; On I wad hur Neck had bin brock'n eh neen ſpots when hoo'r welpt far meh, (God fargi' meh; th' deawmp cretur does no hurt, noather) far I'd naw greadly waſht on fettl't meh, on lipp'n into th' lone ogen, boh I met o fattiſh dowing Felley in o blackiſh wig; on he ſtoode on gloeart ot Nip; Ko

he,

he, onneſt Mon wilt ſell the Dog? Sed I, meh Dog's o Bitch, on ſo's ne'er o Dog ith' Teawn: Far be meh troath, Meary, I'r os croſs os o f—t.

M. Odd boh yoarn bobberſome, on awnſurt him awviſhly too to.

T. Well, boh Dog or Bitch, ſed t' Felley, if I'd known on hur three Deys ſin, I'd o gen the Twenty Shilling far hur, far I ſee hoos a reet ſtawnch *Bandyhewit*, on there's o Gentlemon ot wooans abeawt three Mile off, ot wants one meet neaw.———Neaw, Meary, to tell the true, I'd o mind t' cheeot (God forgi' meh) on ſell im meh *Sheep-Cur* far a *Bandyhewit*; tho' I no moor knew in th' Mon ith' Moon whot a *Bandyhewit* wur. Whaw, ſed I, hoo's primely bred; far hur Moother coom fro *Lunnun*, tho' hoo'r whelpt ot meh Meaſter's; on tho' hoos os good os onney eh *Englondſhian*, I'll ſell hur if meh price come.

M. Well done, Tummus! Whot ſed eh then?

T. Whau, ko he, whot duſt ax far hur? Hoos worth o Ginny on o Hawve o Gowd, ſed I; boh o Ginny I'll ha far hur: Ko hee, I gen o Ginny far mine on I'd rether ha thine be o Creawn, boh iftle gooa to Juſtice—Juſtice, hum—leh me ſee.—But I freat'n heaw he ſet (boh o greyte Matter on im, far I think hee's o Piece on o Raſcot, os weel oft reſt) he'll be ſene o'th Bargin.

M. That wur clever, too-to; wur it naw?

T. Yigh meeterly.—Then I aſht im what Wey eh munt gooa? On hee towd meh: On o wey I ſeete, weh meh Heart os leet os o bit on o Flaight; on carrit Nip under meh arm; far neaw theaw mun underſtond I'r feeard o loyſing hur; ne'er deawting I cou'd be roych enough, t'pay meh Meaſter far th' Kawve, an ha ſummot t'ſpere.

M. Odds-fiſh! boh that wur breve, yoarn eh no ill kele neaw, Tummus.

T. Whau, boh theawſt hear: It wur a dree Wey too to: heawe'er I geete there by three o'Clock; on ofore eh opp'nt Dur, I covert Nip wi' th' Cleawt ot eh droy meh Neſe weh, t'let him ſee heaw I ſtoart hur. Then I opp'nt Dur; on whot te Dule duſt think, boh three

little

little tyney *Bandyhewits*, os I thowt then, coom weawghing os if th' little Rott'ns wou'd ha worrit meh, on after that ſwollut meh wick. Then there coom a fine freſhcullert Wummon ot keckt os ſtiff os if hood ſwallut o Poker, on I took hur far o hoo Juſtice, hoor ſo meety fine—Far I heard *Rotchet o Jacks'*, *o Yem's*, tell me Meaſter, that th' hoo Juſtices awlus did moaſt o'th Wark. ——Heawe'er I axt hur if Mr. Juſtice wur o Whoam; hoo cou'd naw opp'n hur Meawth t'ſey eigh, or now; boh ſimpurt on ſed iſs, (the Dickons iſs' ur on him too) ſed I, I wudidd'n tell him I'd fene ſpeyk too 'im.

M. Odd, boh yoar'n bowd; I'ſt o bin timmerſome: —But let's know heaw ye wen't on.

T. Whau, weel enough, far theaw mey nip, on cheeot os ill os one o ther Clarks on they'n naw meddle with the; boh theaw munnah frump, nor teeos um, far they haten to be vext.

M. Boh heaw went'n ye on?——Wurth' Juſtice o Whoam?

T. Eigh, Eigh, on coom ſnap, on axt meh whot he wantut? Whau, ſed I, I've o varra fine *Bandyhewit* t'ſell on I hear yo want'n one, Sur:——Humph—ſed he —a *Bandyhewit*—prethee let's look at.——Yigh, ſed I; on I pood th' Cleawt fro off on hur, ſtroakt hur deawn th' Back, on ſed, hoos os fine o *Bandyhewit* os ewer run ofore o Tele.

M. Well done, *Tummas*! yo cud'n naw mend tat in eh had it t' doo ogen: But yo're fit t' gooa eawt efaith.

T. Hoos a fine on indeed, ſed th' Juſtice; on its o theawſon Pities, boh I'd known on hur Yuſterdey; Far o Felly coom, on I bowt one naw ſo good os this by hoave o Ginny; on I'll uphowdtey theaw'll tey o Ginny far this. On that I'll hav in eh cou'd leet on a Chapmon, ſed I. Hoos roytchly worth it, ſed he, on I think I con tell thee whear theaw mey part with hur, if he be not fittut awready.

M. Odds-like, boh that wur o good neaturt Juſtice, wur he naw?

T. E, Meary, theaw talks like o ſeely Ninnyhommer; far tey mey Wort fort, nowt ot's owt con coom on't, when

when o Mon deeols weh raſcotly Fok: Boh os I'r telling thee, he neamt a Felley wooant obeawt three Mile off on im (boh the Dule farget him os I done) ſo I munt gooa back ogen thro' *Ratchdaw*. So I geet Nip under meh arm ogen, mede o Scroap weh meh Hough, on bid th' Juſtice good neet, weh o heavy Heart theaw meh be ſhure: On boh os eh thowt hee cou'd aſhelt ſell hur eh this tother Pleck, it wou'd fartinly ha brock'n.

M. Lord Bleſs us! it wur likt trouble o meetily!

T. Boh theawſt hear. I'd naw gon o'er aboon o Feelt or two boh I coom to o greyt Bruck, weh a feaw narrow Sappling Brig o'er it. As it had reint th' Neet ofore, os th' Welkin wou'd ha opp'nt, th' Wetur wur Bonkful; tho' it wur ſeggur o deeol i'th Mourning, on o ſomeheaw, when I'r obeawt hoave o'er meh Shough arm ſlipt on deawn coom I, arſy verſy, weh Nip eh meh i'th wetur. Nip I leet fend far hur ſell'n, on flaſkert int' till eh geet how'd on o Sawgh, on ſo charr'd meh ſell'n; or elze nother theaw, no no Mon elze, had newer (ſin *Tum* ogen: Far be meh troth I'r welly werk'nt.

M. Good Lorjus Deys! th' like wur never! this had lik't to ſhad awth' tother! on yet yo coom'n farrantly off marry, far it wur a greyt Marcy ye wur'n naw dreawnt.

T. I know naw whether't wur o naw, noather: Boh theaw meh be ſhure I'r primely boyrnt, on os weet os ewer eh cou'd ſye: Beſide I'd no Com to keem meh Hure, ſo ot I lookt licker o dreawnt Meawſe in o Mon.

M. Beſide, yoad'n be os cowd os Iccles.

T. Eigh, theaw mey geawſe I'r non mough'n: Boh theawſt hear. I'd naw gon oboon o Stone's thrut, ofore eh wundert' whot teh Pleague wur th' matter wimmey, far I begun t' ſmart os if five hundurd Piſſmotes wur eh meh Breechus: I loaſt um deawn boh cou'd ſee nowt ot wur whick; on yet I lookt os rey os o fleed Meawſe; (for were ſeln beawt th' ſcrat ot meh Meaſter's) 'Sfleſh, I'r ready t' gooa woode, on knew neaw whot he ealt;—— On then I unbethowt meh oh me Sawt.

M. E wea's me! I'd fretat'n that too; I deawt it wou'd quite mar o.

T. Now,

T. Now, now, Meary, I'r naw quite marr'd, its true, I went wigglety wagglety for an Eawer or ſo, ofore I'r ogreath ogen: on when he geet reet, on coom't groap eh meh Singlet Pocket for meh Sawt, the Dule o bit a Sawt wurther, far it wur aw run owey.——On neaw it jumpt into meh Mind, ot I ſaigh two rott'n Pynots (hongum) ot tis ſeme Brig os eh coom.

M. Did ever! that wur o ſign o bad Fartin: Far I heard mey Gronney ſey, hoode os leef o ſeen two owd Harries os two Pynots.

T. Eigh, ſo ſays meh Noant *Margit*, on o meeny o Fok: On I know Pynots ar os cunning Eawls os wawk'n oth' Yeorth. Boh os I'r telling the, Meary, whot with ſmart, on one think on onother, I'r ſo ſtract woode, ot I cou'd ha fund eh meh heart ta puncht th' Bitches Guts eawt; on then, I thowt Nip's eh no Fawt: Far be meh troth I'r welly off ot ſide.

M. Indeed, Tummus, I believe o; boh o lack o dey purring th' Bitch, wou'd ha bin reet rank.

T. That's true, boh theaw knows one cun boh doo whot tey cun doo.

M. Reet; boh heaw didney doo with'r weet clooas; wurney naw welly pariſht?

T. Yigh, be meh troth: I dithert ot meh Teeth hackt eh meh heeod ogen: Boh that wur naw aw; it begun t' be dark, on I'r beawt Scoance in a Strawnge Country, five or ſuſe Mile fro Whoam: So that I maundert ith' Fields oboon two Eawrs, on I cou'd naw gawm where eh wur; far I meot os well o bin in o noon: On in I'd howd'n up meh hont I cou'd no moor ha ſeen't in he con ſee o Fleigh on thee neaw; on here it wur I geet into o Gete; far I thowt I heard ſummot coming, an if Truth mun be ſpok'n, I'r ſo fearfully breed, at meh Hure ſtood on eend, for theaw knows I noather knew whoa, nor what it moot be.

M. True, Tummus, no marvil ot o wur ſo flay'd; it wur ſo fearfoo dark!

M. Heawe'er, I reſolv't meyth' beſt on't, an up ſpeek I——Whooas tat; O Lad's Voice anſwert in o crying Din, Elaw, dunnaw tey meh, dunnaw tey meh.

Now,

Now, now, ſed I, I'll naw tey the, Beleady: Whooas Lad art to?—Whau, ſed he, I'm Jone's o'Lall's o'Simmy's o'Marriom's o'Dick's o'Nethon's, o'Lall's o'Simmy's ith'Hoom's; on I'm gooink Whoam. Odd, thinks I t' meh ſell, theaw's a dree-er Neme in mee: On here, Meary, I cou'd naw boh think whot lung Nemes ſum on us han; far thine on mine are meeterly; boh this Lad's wur ſo mitch dree-er, ot I thowt it dock't mine tone Hawve.

M. Preo na, tell me ha theſe lung Nemes leet'n?

T. Um—m—mn, le me ſee—I connaw tell the greadly, boh I think its to tell Fok by.

M. Whau, on ha didneh gooa on with im?

T. Then (as I thowt he tawkt ſo awkertly) I'd aſh im far th' wonſt whot Uncoths he heard ſturrink. I hear none, but ot Jack o'Ned's towd meh, ot Sam o'Jacks o' Yeds Marler, has wed Mall o'Nan's o' Sall's o'Pegs, ot gus obeawt o beggink Churn-milk, with Pitcher with Lid on. Then I aſht im where Jack o'Ned's wooant? ſeys he, he's 'Prentice weh Iſaac o'Tim's o'Nick's, oth' Houghlone; on he'd bin ot Jammy's o'George's o'Peter's ith' Dingles far hooave a Peawnd o'Treacle, t' ſeaws'n a Beeſt-puddink weh; on his Feather and Moother wooan at *Roſſendaw*, boh his Gronney's alive, on wooans weh his Noant Margery o Grinfilt, ot Pleck where his nown Moother coom fro. Good Lad, ſed I, boh heaw far's tis *Littlebrough* off? Far I aimt' ſeet to Neet if he con hit. Seys t' Lad, it's obeawt a Mile, on yo mun keep ſtreight forrud o yer lift Hont, an yoan happ'n do. So a thiſs'n we partit; but I mawkint, an loſt meh Gete ogen ſnap. So I powlert o'er Yetes on Steels, Hedges on Doytches, till eh coom to this *Littlebrough*; on there I'r ill breed ogen, far I thowt I'd ſeen o Boggart; but it prooft o Mon weh o Piece-woo, reſting im on o Stoon ith' Lone. Os ſoon os eh cou'd ſpeyk far wackering, I aſht im where ther wur on Eleheawſe, on he ſhoad me. I went in on fund two fat throddy Fok wunt teer; on theyd'n ſome oth' warſt fratchinſt Cumpany, that e'er o ſaigh, far theyr'n warrying, banning, on cawing one nother leawſy Eawls os thick os leet: Heawe'er I pood

o Cricket, on keawrt meh deawn ith Nook, o ſide oth' Hob. I'd no ſoyner done ſo, boh o feaw ſeawer lookt Felly, with o wythen Kibbo he had in his Hont, ſlapt o Sort of o wither meazzilt feas't Mon, ſitch o thwang oth' Scawp, ot aw varra reetcht ogen with; on deawn he coom oth' Harſtone, on his Heeod ith' Eſshole; his ſcrunt Wig fell off, on o hontle o whot Cokes fell into't, on burnt on frizzlt it ſo, ot when he oſt don it, on unlucky karron gen it o poo, on it ſlipt o'er his Sow, on lee like o Hawmbark on his Shilders. I glendurt like a ſtickt Tup, far fear on o duſt meh ſeln; on crope fur into th' Chimney. Oytch body thowt ot mezzil feaſe wou'd mey a Flittink ont on dee in a crack: ſo ſum on um cry'd'n eawt o Doctor! o Doctor! while others mead'n th' Landlord go ſaddle th' Tit to ſo h one. While this wur o dooink ſum on um had leet on o kin on o Doctor, ot wooant o bit off, and ſhewed im th' Mon oth' Harſtone. He leyd howd on his Arm, to feel his Pulſe I geawſe, on pood, os if he'd ſeen Death pooink ot th' tother Arm, on wur reſolv't o'er-poo im; after looking dawkinly-wiſe o bit, he geete fro his Whirly booans, and ſed to um aw, while his Heart beeots on his Blood ſarclates there's hopes, boh when that ſtops its whooup with im, efeath. Mezzil feaſe hearink ſummot o' whooup, ſtartit to his Feet, flote none, boh gran like o Foomurt Dog; on ſeete ot black ſwarffy Tyke, weh booath Neaves, on wawtit im o'er into th' Galker, full o new Drink wortching. He begun o poſſing, on peyling im int' ſo ot aw wur blendit t'gether ſnap. 'Sfleſh, Meary, thew'd o bepiſs't teh, t'a' ſeen heawth Gobbin wur awtert, when ot tey pood'n him eawt; on whot o Hobthurſt he lookt weh aw that Berm obeawt im: He kept droying his Een, boh he moot os well ha ſowt um in his A——e, tin th' Londledy had made on Eaw'rs Jabbor on im ot Pump: When he coom in ogen, he glooart awviſhly ot mezzil feaſe; on mezzil feaſe glendurt os wrythenly ot him ogen; boh noather warrit, nor thrapt: So they ſeet um deawn, on then th' Londledy coom in, on wou'd mey um't pey far th' Lumber ot teyd'n done ur. Meh Drink's war be o Creawn, ſed hoo; beſide,

beſide, there's two Tumblers, three Quifting Pots, on four Pipes maſht, on o how Papper o Bacco ſhed: This mede umt' glendur ot tone tother ogen; but black Tyke's paſſion wur coolt ot Pump, on th' wythen Kibbo had quiet'nt tother; ſo ot teh camm'd little or none; boh agreed t'pey aw meeon, then ſeet'n deawn, on wur Friends ogen in o Snift.

M. This wur mad gawmling wark; on welly os ill os th' teying th' Eawl.

T. Ney, naw quite, noather, Meary, far Berm's o howſome Smell: Heawe'er, when aw wur ſattl't, I crope nar th' Foyar ogen; far I wantut o whawm fearfully, far I'r booath cowd on weet, os well os hongry on dry.

M. Beleemy, Tummus, yo moot'n weell; boh yoarn in o good Kele too to, ot idd'n Money eh yer Pocket.

T. Eigh, I thowt I'd Money enough; but theawſt hear moor o that eendneaw. So I cawd far ſummot t'eat, on o Pint o Ele; on hoo browt me ſome Hog Mutt'n on ſpecial Turmits; on as prime Veeol on Peſtil os ned be toucht: I creemt Nip neaw on then o Lunſhon, boh Tum took Care oth tother, ſteawp on reawp; far I eat like o *Yorſhar-Mon*, on cleeart th' Stoo.

M. Weell done, Tummus! yoad'n ſhure need no Reeſupper, far yo ſhadd'n Wrynot, on ſlanſt th' Chargers, frowt I hear.

T. True: So I ſeete on reſtut meh, on drank meh Pint o Ele; boh as I'r naw greadly ſleckt, I cawd far another, on bezzilt tat too; far I'r os droy as Soot: On as't wur t' lete t' gooa onny whither weh meh Bitch, I aſht th' Londledy in eh cou'd ſtay aw Neet? Hoo towd meh I moot in eh wou'd: Sed I, I'll geaw neaw, innin geaw wimmey? I geaw with the, ko hoo? Whot ar to feard o Boggarts, or theaw'rt naw weynt yet on connaw ſleep beawt o Pap? 'Sfleſh, ſed I, whot ar ye tawkin on? I want gut' Bed! Ho ho; if that be aw, ſed hoo, Margit s't ſhew it the: So Margit leet o Condle, on ſhewd meh o wiſtey Reawm, on o Bed weh Curtners farſuth: I thowt Margit potterton fettlt lung ith' Choamber ofore hoo laft it; on I miſtruſt it hoo'r meawlt far o bit o tuſsling on teawing; boh o ſomeheaw I'r ſo toy-

art on healo, ot I'r eh naw fettle far catterweawing: So I ſed nowt too ur: Boh I farthowt ſin, far hoor no Daggletele I'll uphowdtey, boh os ſnug o Laſs os Seroh o'Rutchots eary bit.

M. Marry kem eawt, like enough, why not? Is Seroh o'Rutchots ſo honſome?

T. Eigh, hoos meeterly. Heawe'er, when hoor gon, I doft meh donk Shoon on Hoyſe, on me doage Clooas, on geet in, on eh Truth, Meary, I newer lee eh ſitch o Bed ſin eh wur kerſunt!

M. E-dear, Tummus, I cou'd ha lik't o bin with o; I warrant yoad'n ſleep ſeawndly?

T. Ney, I connaw ſey ot eh did; far I'r meetily troublt abeawt my Kawve.—Beſide, I'r feeard o eawer Fok ſeeching meh, on meh Meaſter beaſting meh when eh geet Whoam: Its true meh Carkuſs wur pratty eaſy yeaſy, boh meh Mind moot os well o line on o Piſſmotehoyle, or in o Rook o Hollins or Gorſes; far it wur one o'Clock ofore eh cou'd tyne me Een.

M. Whau, on heaw wen't ye on ith Mourning when eh wack'nt?

T. Whau, as I'r donning meh thwooaniſh Clooas, I thowt I'll know heaw meh ſhot ſtons ofore I'll wear moor o meh Braſs o meh Breakfuſt: So I cawd, on th' Londledey coom, on keſtit up to Throtteen-pence: So thowt I t' meh ſeln, o weawnded Deeol! Whot ſtruſhon hav I mede here! I cou'd ha fund meh ſeln o how Wick weh hus far that Money. Iſt naw hav one Boadle t' ſpere o meh Hoyde Silver: On neaw I'r in os ill o Kele os meetſhad! Wur eh naw?

M. Now marry naw yo: In idd'n mede ſtruſhon, on bezzilt owey moor braſs inney had'n, yo met'n ha tawkt.

T. I find teaw con tell true to o hure, into will Meary; far byth' Miſs, when ot eh coomt' grope eh meh Slop t' pey ur, I'r weawnedly glopp'nt, far the Dule o hawpunny had eh; On whether eh loſt it ith' Bruck, or weh ſcrawming o'er th' Doytch-backs; I no moor know in th' Mon ith' Moon: But gon it wur! I ſteart like o Wil-cat, on wur welly gawmleſs: On ot laſt I towd hur I'd loſt meh Money. Sed hoo, whot dunneh meeon

meeon Mon; Yoaſt naw put *Yorſhar* o me; that Tele winnaw ſit meh; far yoar lik't pey o ſumheaw. Sed I, boh its true, on yo mey grope eh meh Breeches inneh win. Theaw'rt ſum miſmannert Jackonapes I'll uphowd tey, ſed hoo; Ney, ney, I'ſt naw grope eh the Breeches, not I. Whau, ſed I, yoar lik't ha nowt, beawt yean tey meh Woollen Mittens, on meh Sawt Cleawt: Thoos'n naw doo, ſed hoo, they're naw boath worth oboon two Groats.——I nowt elze, ſed I, beawt yean ha me Sneezehurn, on I'm looath t' part weet; becoſe Seroh o'Rutchots gaight me th' laſt Kerſmuſs. Let's ſee um, ſed hoo, far theaw'rt ſome arron Raſcot I'll uphowd teh. So I gen um her; on ſtill this broddling Fuſſock lookt feaw os Thunnor when id done.

M. Good Lorjus-o-me! I think idd'n th' warſt Luck ot ewer kerſunt Soul had!

T. Theaw'll ſey ſo eendneaw: Whau I'r toyart o that pleck; on crope owey, witheawt bit or ſope, or Cup o Sneeze; far I gawmbl't on leet tat gooa too. I ſoyne ſperr'd this Gentlemon's Hoah eawt; on when eh geete tear, I gan o glent into th' Shipp'n, on ſeed o Mon ſtonning ith' Groop. Sed I, is yer Meaſter o Whoam prey o'? Eigh, ſed he; I wou'd idd'n tell him I'd fene ſpeyk at im, ſed I: Yigh, ſed he, that I'll doo. So he'r no ſoyner gooan, boh a fine, fattiſh, throddy Gentlemon, coom in a Trice, on axt meh whot eh wantut? Sed I, I underſtond yo want'n o good *Bandy-hewit*, Sur, on I've a pure on t' ſell here: Let's ſee th' ſhap on hur, ſed he: So I ſtroakt hur deawn th' Back, on cobb'd hur oth' Greawnd. Hoos th' fin'ſt ot ew'r eh ſaigh, ſed he; boh I deawt things'n leet unluckily far the; far I geete two this laſt Week, on they mey'dn up meh Keawnt.——Neaw, Meary, I'r ready t' cruttle deawn, far theaw moot o knockt me o'er with a Pey. Boh whot's teh Price, ſed he? I cannaw thooal hur t' meh nown Broother under o Ginny, ſed I. Hoos cheeop o that, ſed he; on no deawt boh theaw may ſell hur.

M. Odds like! Yoarn lung eh finding o Chapmon; oytchbody'r awlus fittut ſo.

T. Eigh,

T. Eigh, fittut eigh; far they ned'n none no moor in I need Wetur eh meh Shoon, not tey: But theawſt hear. Then ſed he, there's on owd Crotchenly Gentlemon, ot wooans ot yon Heawſe, omung yon Trees, meet anent us; ot I believe 'll gi thee the Price: If not Juſtice ſitch o one's o likely Chap, iftle gooa thither. Sed I, I'r there laſt Oandurth, on he'd leet o one th'Yeandurth ofore. That leet feawly far the, ſed he: Eigh, ſed I, ſo it e'en did; far I mede o peaw'r o Labbor obeawt it I'm ſhure. Whau boh this owd Gentlemon's lik'ly'ſt of onny I know. So I mede 'im meh Manners, on ſeete eawt far this tother Pleck.

M. I hope in ha' better Luck, Egodſnum.

T. Whau, I thowt eh cou'd too: Far neaw it popt int' Mind, ot Nip did naw howd hur Tele heeigh enough, on ot Fok wou'd naw buy hur becoſe o that: On int' has naw freeat'n, I bowt two Eawnce o' Pepper when id meh Sawt; on tho' 'twur os thodd'n os o Thar-Cake, I'd rub hur A—ſe weet: far I'd ſeen *Oamfrey o'Matho's* pley that tutch be his Creawparſt-Mare, that Dey ot *Yem* oth' *Redbonk* coomt' buy hur. So meet ofore eh geete teear, I took Nip, on rubb'd hur primely eſeath; een till o' yeawlt ogen. I'r ot Heawſe in o Crack, on leet oth' owd Mon ith' Fowd, offing t' get o' Tit-back. Sed I too him, is yoar Neme Mr. *Scar?* Sed he, theaw'r oather greeof, or greeof by; but I gex I'm him ot to meeons: Whot wants to wimmey? I'm infarmed, ſed I, ot yo want'n o *Bandyhewit*, on I've o tip-top on eh meh Arms here, os onny's eh *Englondſhiar*. That's a greyt breeod, ſed he; boh pre the let's hondle hur o bit, far in eh tutch hur, I con tell whether hoo's reet bred or naw.

M. Odd, but that wur o meety fawſe owd Felly, too to.

T. 'Sfleſh, Meary! I think eh meh Guts ot he'r th' bigg'ſt Raſcot on um aw: Boh I leete im hondle'r, on he'r ſo ſeely, on his Honds whackert ſo deſpratly, ot eh cou'd naw ſtick too hur, on hoo leep deawn. Neaw fort thowt I: Nip, cock the Tele, on ſhew the ſell: Boh eſtid o that, hoo ſeete up o yeawll, clapt th' Tele between hur Legs, on crope into o hoyle ith Horſe ſtone.

M. Fy onn'r, I'ſt ha bin os mad atter os o pottert-waſp.

T. Whau,

T. Whau, I'r os mad os teaw cou'd be, ot hoode ſhawmt hur ſell ſo wofully; heawe'er I ſed to th' owd Mon, munneh tak ur ogen far yoan find hooſe no Foogoad on o Bitch? Now, now, ſed he; I feel hooſe os fat os o Snig, on os ſmoot os o Mowdewarp: On I find os plene os o Pike-ſtaff, be hur lennock Yeears, ot hooſe reet bred: On I'd a had ur if hoode coſt meh o Moider, but ot o Friend has ſent me one eawt o *Yorſhar*, on I need no moor: Boh I'll ſwop with the into will. Now, ſed I, I'll ſwop none; far I'll oather have o Ginny far hur, or hooſt newer gooa while meh Heeod ſtons o meh Shilders. Then I con chaffer none with the, ſed he; bo haſt' bin ot yon fine bigging anent us? Eigh, ſed I, boh he's onoo on um. Whau, but they're os ſcant neaw os ewer the wur eh this Ward, ſed he; on there's one *Muſlin* eh *Ratchdaw*, ot's o meety lover on um. Whau, ſed I, I'ſt go ſee.—On neaw, Meary, I begun t' miſtruſt ot tear'n meying o foo on meh.

M. Th' firrups tak um, boh tey ne'er wou'd be aw o like.

T. Whau, boh howd tey Tung o bit, on teawſt hear; far I thowt I'd try this tother Felley, on if he'r gett'n fittut too, I'd try no moor: Far then it wou'd be os plene os *Blackſtonedge* ot tearn meying on arron Gawby on meh. So I went t' *Ratchdaw*, on ſperr'd 'tis Mon eawt. I fund im o back oth' Shopboort, weh o little dog ot ſide on im: Thowt I t' meh ſeln I would teaw'r choakt, this Felly 'll be fittut too, I deawt. Whau, ſed he, onniſt Mon, whot done yo pleeoſt' have? I want nowt ot ye han, ſed I; far I'm come'n t' ſell ye a *Bandyhewit*. Neaw, Meary, this Raſcot, os weel oſt' reſt, rooſt meh Bitch to th' varra Welkin; but ot tat time he did naw want one.

T. E wea's me, Tummus! I deawt tearn meying o parfit Neatril on o!

T. O Neatril! Eigh, th' big'ſt ot ewer wur mede ſine Kene kilt Ebil: On neaw, I'r ſo ſtrackt woode, I'r arronly moydert on cou'd ha fund eh meh heart t'a jowd aw ther ſows together. I'r no ſoyner areawt boh o threave o rabblement wur watching on meh at t'dur. One on um ſed, this is im; onother, he's here; on one Baſturtly-gullion aſht meh, if I'd ſowd meh *Bandyhewit?* By th' Miſs, Meary,

Meary, I'r ſo angurt ot tat, ot I up weh meh gripp'n Neave, on hit im o good wherrit oth' Yeear, on then weh meh Hough, puncht him into th' Riggot; on ill grim'd, on deet th' lad wur far ſhure: Then they aw ſeete ogen meh, on ofore id gon o Rood, th' lad's Moother coom, on crope ſawfly behunt meh, on geete meh by th' hewer, on deawn coom Nip on me ith' rindle, on th' Hoor ot top on meh: While th' tuſsle laſtit, hur lad, (on th' Baſturts ot took his part) kept griming on deeting meh weh Sink-durt, ot I thowt meh Een wou'd newer ha done good ogen; far I moot os weel ha bin o'er th' Heeod in o Middingſpuce, or ot teying o two Eawls.

M. E walla-dey, whot obunnanze o misfartins yo had'n.

T. Eigh, far if *Owd-Nick* owt me o Spite, he pede me Whoam weh Uſe: Far while th' Skirmidge laſtut awth' Teawn wur cluttert obeawt us; I ſheamt os if id ſtown ſummot, on Skampurt owey weh o Fleigh eh meh Yeear, on up th' Broo intoth' Church Yort: There I'd o Mind t' ſee if onny Body follut meh, I turn'd meh, on whot te Dule duſt think, boh I'd loſt Nip!

M. Whot ſenneh!

T. It's true, Meary, ſo I cawd, on I whewtit, boh no Nip wur t' be fund, hee nor low: On far aw I knew meh Meaſter ſeete ſitch Stoar on hur, becoſe o fotchink th' Beaoſs on Sheep, I durſt os tite o tean o Bear by th' Tooth oſtta oſt ſeech hur ith Teawn. So I took eendwey, far it wur welly neet; on I'd noather Bit nor Sope; nor Cup o Sneeze of aw that Day.

M. Why, yoad'n be os gaunt os o Grewnt; on welly fammiſht.

T. I tell the, Meary, I'r welly moydart: Then I thowt meh Heart wou'd ha ſunk int' meh Shoon; far it feld os heyvy os o Muſtert-boah, on I ſtank ſo, it mede meh os waughiſh os owt, on I'd two or three Weturtawms: Beſide aw this, meh Bally wartcht; on eh this fettle I munt daddle Whoam, on feaſe meh Meaſter!

M. E dear! Whot kin of o beawt had'n ye weh him?

T. Whau, I'ſt tell thee moor o that eendneaw: Boh ſurſt theaw mun know, that os I'r goink toart Whoam os deawnheartit on mallancholy os a Methodiſt, ot thinks he's

he's In-pig of Owd Harry, o mon o'ertook meh riding o tit-back on leeoding onother: thinks I t' meh ſell; this is ſome Yorſhar Horſe-Jockey; I wou'd he le meh ride; far theaw mun know I'r wofoo weak on waughiſh. This thought had hardly glentit thro' me nob ofore ot Felly ſed, Come honeſty, theaw looks os if to wur ill toyart; theawſt ride o bit, into will. Thot's whot eh want, ſed I, in ye pleeas'n, far I'm welly done. So loothe, Meary, I geet on; on I thought eh neer-rid yeaſier ſine eh cou'd geet o humpſtrid'n o Tit-back.

M. A good deed, Tummus, that wur no ill Felly; yoad'n no ill luck ot tis beawt, e goddil.

T. E, Meary, theaws een gext rank monny, on monny o time, on neaw theaw p—ſſes by th' Bow ogen; far I wou'd id ridden eawr Billy's Hobby-horſe a how dey t'gether eſtid o getting o this Tit; far hark the meh; we'd naw ridd'n oboon five Rood but felly aſht me heaw far I'r gooink that wey; Seys I, obeawt o mile on o hoave. That's reet, ſeys he; there's on Eleheawſe juſt there obeawt; I'll ride ofore on theaw mun coom ſawfly after, on I'll ſtey far the there. So he ſeet off like heygomad; boh I kept o foot's peſe; far meh Tit ſwat on ſemm'd os toyart os I wur. Neaw loothe, Meary, after this I'd naw ridden mitch oboon hoave o mile boh I heard ſome fock cummink after meh o gallop o gallop, os if the Deel had bad hallidey. Theyd'n hardly o'erta'en meh, boh one on um ſweer by th' Maſs, this is my Tit, on I'll heyt too, if Owd Nick ſton not ith' Gap. With that o luſty wither Tyke pood eawt o think like o piece on o Baſſoon, on ſlapping meh oth Shilders weet, ſed, friend, I'm o Cunſtable, an yore my Priſner.——The Deel tey yer friendſhip, on Cunſtableſhip too, ſed I? Whot mun I be a priſner far? Yoan ſtown that Tit, ſed he, on yoaſt gooa back wimmey ofore o Juſtice. I ſtown none ont' ſed I, far I boh meet neaw gett'n ont, on o Mon ots gallopt ofore, on whooa I took far th' owner, ga' meh leeof; ſo whot biſneſs han oather yo or th' Juſtice weh meh! Stuff Stuff, meer balderdaſh, ſed th' Cunſtable. Wi that I leep off th' Tit in a greyt hig, on ſed, int be yoars tak't o, to the Deel o; far I know nowt ont, nor yo noather, not I.

M. Weel,

M. Weel actit, Tummus; that wur monfully ſed, on done too; think I.

T. Boh huſht, Meary, on theawſt hear fur: Cum, cum, ſed th' Cunſtable, that whiffo whaffo ſtuff winnaw doo far me; far gooa yo booath mun on ſhan, oather be hook or crook. On wi' that he pood eawt ſome Ir'n trinkums, ot rickt like o parcel o Cheeons. Weawns thinks I t' meh ſell, whot ar theeſe? In the bin Shackles, I'm in o rere ſcroap indeed; I'm wur off neaw in eer eh wur: I'ſt be hong'd, or ſome devilment ot tis very time. Far be meh troth, Meary, I heated th' jingling of his thingumbobs os ill os if theaw, or onny mon elze had bin ringing my paſſing Bell.

M. Good lorjus deys! its not to tell heaw camm'd things con happ'n!

T. Heawe'er I muſtert up my curridge, on ſed, hark o', yo Cunſtable, put up thooſe things ot rick'n ſo; on inneh mun gooa, I will gooa; on quietly too: Far theaw knows ot force is meds'n far a Mad-Dog.

M. Whoo-who, whoo-who, whoo! Why Tummus, its meet neaw buzz'd into meh heeod, ot tis ſeme Horſe-Jockey had ſtown th' Tit, on, far fear o being o'ertene, geet yo t' ride t'ſeve his own Beak'n, on ſo put Yorſhar on ye o thiſs'n.

T. Why, I think theaw guexes too o hure; far he ſlippt th' Rope fro obeawt his own neck on don'd it o mine, that's ſartin. Heawe'er it mede pittifoo wark indeed; to be guardit be two Men on o Cunſtable back ogen thro' *Ratchdaw*, where id ſo letely loſt meh Bitch, on bin ſo very mawkinly rowlt ith Riggot! Heawe'er theeſe Cunſtable-Fok wur meety meeverly on modeſt tooto, on os mute os Mowdywarps far we geet thro' th' Teawn weh very little gloaring on leſs pumping, on wur ot Juſtices in a crack.

M. E deer, Tummus, did naw a Hawter run ſtrawngely eh yer heeod; far ſummot runs eh mine os int wur full o Ropes on Pully-beawls.

T. Why loothe, Meary, I thowt ſo pleaguy hard, ot I cou'd think o noathing at aw; far ſe the meh, I'r freetn't aw macks o weys. Still, I'd one cumfort awlus popt up

it

it heeod; far thinks I't meh ſell I ſtown no Horſe, not I: on theaw knows ot Truth on Honeſty gooink hont eh hont howd'n one another's back primely, on ſton os ſtiff os o Gablock.

M. True, Tummus, they're prime props at o pinch, that's ſartin. Boh I yammer t' hear heaw things turn'd eawt ot eend of aw.

T. Theaws no peſhunce, Meary; boh howd te tung on theawſt hear in o ſnift: far theaw mun know, ot tis ſeme Cunſtable wur os preawd ot id tean poor Túm priſner, os if theaw'd tean o Hare on had hur eh the Appern meet neaw: but th' Gobbin ne'er conſidert ot honging wou'd naw be cawd good ſpooart be onny body eh ther ſenſes, on wur enough for t' edge o finer mon's teeth in mine. Heawe'er he knockt os bowdly ot Juſtice's Dur, os if id ha dung it deawn. This fotcht o preawd gruff felly eawt, whooa put us int' a pleck weh os monny Books on Pappers os a Cart wou'd howd. To this mon (whooa I ſoon perceivt wur th' Clark) th' Cunſtable towd me wofoo keſe; an eh truth, Meary, I'r os gawmleſs os o Gooſe, on began o whackering os if id ſtown o how draight o horſes. Then this felly went eawt o bit, on with him coom th' Juſtice; whooa I glendurt at ſooar, an thowt he favort owd Jone o Dobs whooa theaw knows awlus wears a breawniſh white Wig, ot hongs on his Shilders like Keaw-teals. Whau, Mr. Cunſtable, ſed Juſtice, whot han ye brought me neaw? Why, pleeos yer Worſhip, ween meet neaw tean a Horſe-ſteyler, whooa wur meying off with Tit os hard os he cou'd. Od, thought I t' meh ſeln, neaw or never Tum, ſpeyk for the ſeln, or theawrt throttlt ot tis very beawt; ſo I ſpeek up, an ſed, That's naw true, Mr. Juſtice, far I'r boh gooink o foot's peſe. Umph, ſed th' Juſtice, there's naw mitch difference, as to that point. Heawe'er howd teaw the tung yung mon, an ſpeyk when ther't ſpokk'n too. Whau theaw mon ith breawn Cooat, theaw, ſed th' Juſtice, whot has theaw to ſey ogen this felly here? Is this Tit thy Tit, ſeys to? It is, Sur. Here, Clark, bring's that Book on let's ſwear him. Here th' Juſtice ſed o nominy to im, on towd im he munt tey kere o whot he ſed, or

he

he moot as helt be foreſworn, or hong that yeawth there. Whau, on theaw ſeys ot tis Tit's thy Tit, is it? It is, pleeos yer Worſhip. On where had teaw him, ſeys to? I bred im, Sur. E whot Country? *Cown-Edge*, Sur. On when wur he ſtown, ſeys to? Laſt day boh yuſterday o-beawt three o'Clock ith Oandurth: far eawr Yem ſaigh im obeawt two, on we miſt im obeawt four o'Clock. On fro *Cown-Edge* theaw ſeys? Yus, Sur. Then th' Juſtice turn'd im to me, an ſed, is aw this true ot tis mon ſeys, hears to meh? It is, ſed I, part on't, on part on't is naw; far I did naw ſteyle this Tit, nor iſt oboon two eawrs ſin firſt time ot eh brad meh e'en on im. Heaw coom theaw t' be riding owey wi' im then, if theaw did no ſteyl im? Why, o good deed, Sur, os I'r goink toart whom to dey, o ſelly weh o little reawnd Hat, on o ſcrunt Wig, cullur o yoars, welly, boh ſhorter, o'ertook meh; he wur riding o one Tit on lad another. Neaw this mon ſeeink I'r toyart, becoſe I went wigglety-wagglety ith lone, he offert meh his lad Tit t' ride on. I'r fene oth proffer, beleemy, on geet on: boh he rid off, Whip on Spur, tho' he coud hardly mey th' Tit keawnter, on wou'd ſtey on meh ot on Eleheawſe ith road. Neaw Meaſter Juſtice, I'd naw gon three quarters on o Mile boh theſe fok o'ertean meh; towd me I'd ſtown th' Tit, on neaw han brought meh hither, os in I'r o *Yorſhar* Horſe-ſteyler. On this is aw true, Meaſter Juſtice, or mey I ne'er gut' on ill pleck when eh dee.

M. Primely ſpok'n efeath, Tummus; yo meet ſhad'n Wrynot eh tellink this tele, think I; boh whot ſed th' Juſtice then?

T. Whau, he ſed, Hears to me ogen, theaw Yungſter; tell meh where theaw wur t' tother dey boh yuſterdey, eſpecially ith Oandurth, will to. Whau, ſed I, I ſeet eawt fro Whoam ſoon ith' Yeandurth wi' o Keaw on a Kawve far *Ratchdaw*; meh Koave wur kilt ith' lone, with o Tit Coak'n os eh coom; on ith' Oandurth, I'r aw up on deawn eh this neighbourhood, dooink meh beſt t' ſell meh Bitch, ot fok cawd'n o *Bandyhewit*, t' ſee if eh cou'd mey th' Kawve-money up far meh Meaſter: but waes me e'ery-body wur gett'n fittut with um. So I'r keſt into

into th' dark, on force t' ſtey ot *Littlebrough* aw neet. On where wur to yuſterdey, ſed Juſtice? Whau, ſed I, I maundert up on deawn hereobeawt ogen, oth' ſeme ſleeveleſs arnt, on wur force t' harbur awth' laſt neet in o Barn where Boggarts ſwarm'n (Lord bleſs us) on breed'n, I believe, far oytch body ſeys its newer beawt um; on to dey, os I'r gooink whoam, I leet o this felly ot I took far o Horſe-Jockey, on ſo wur tean up be theeſe fok far o Tit-Steyler. Boh hark the meh, theaw Priſner, ſed th' Juſtice, wur naw theaw here tother dey boh yuſterdey, wi' the Dog, prethee? I wur, Sur, boh yoad naw buy hur, far yoarn fittut too. Whot time oth' dey moot it bee, thinks to? Between three on four o'Clock, ſed I. Beleemy, mon, I think theaw'rt oather greeof or greeof-by, ſed he. Here, yo Meaſter Cunſtable, follow me. Neaw, Meary, whot duſt think? boh while theeſe two wur eawt o bit, this Teaſtril, this Tyke of o Clark, cawd meh aſide, on proffert bring meh clear off far hoave o Ginny. Seys I, mon, if I knew o Hawter munt mey meh Neck os lung os o Gonner Neck to morn, I cou'd naw reaſe hoave o Ginny; far hong'd or naw hong'd I ha' naw one hawp'ney t' ſeve me Neck wi'. Boh, ſeys he, wilt gi' the Note for't? I'll gi' no Notes, not I; far I'd os good be hong'd far this job, oſt ſteyl on be hong'd far that; on I no other wey t' reaſe it boh ſteyling ot I know on.

M. Good Lord o marcy! moor Rogues on moor! neaw awt upo' ſitch teaſtrils far ever, on o dey lunger, ſey I.

T. Huſht, huſht, Meary, far neaw th' Juſtice on th' Cunſtable coom in.

M. E law, I'll be hong'd meh ſeln if eh dunnaw dither far fear: boh gooa forrud, Tummus.

T. Whau, th' Juſtice, after rubbing his broo on droying his feaſe deawn, ſed, Here, yo Meaſter Cunſtable, on yo felly, ot owns this Tit, I mun tell ye, that yoar booath ith rang Box, on han gett'n th' rang ſoo by th' yeear; far this yungſter here cou'd naw ſteyl this Tit th' laſt Oandurth boh one; far between three an four o'Clock that dey I ſeed him here meh ſeln, on yo ſen this Tit wur ſtown fro *Cown-Edge* obeawt that time. Neaw he cou'd naw bee eh two plecks ot one time, yo known. So

heors to meh, yung mon, I mun quit the as to this job; ſo go the wey whoam, on be honeſt. I will, ſed I, on thonks, Meaſter Juſtice; far yoan pood Truth eawt on o durty pleck ot lung-length. So I mede im o low bow, on o greyt ſcroap weh meh ſhoough, on coom meh wey.

M. Brevely cumn off, Tum! eigh, on merrily too, I'll uphowd o'. Neaw een God bleſs aw honeſt Juſtices, ſey I.

T. Eigh, eigh, on ſo ſey I too: far I'd good luck ot heel of aw, or Tum had naw bin here t' a towd teh this Tele. Boh yet, Meary, I think eh meh guts ot teers Meawſe-neezes omung ſome on um, os weel os omung other fok; or why ſhou'd tis ſeme Clark o his, when he perceivt I'r innocent, proffer t' bring meh off far hoave o Ginny? Had naw this o ſtrung ſavor of fere cheeoting; ne deawn-reet nipping o poor fok? On does teaw think ot theeſe Juſtices do naw know, when theeſe Tykes plene o hundurt wur tricks thin this in o yeer? Beſide, Meary, I hard that fawſe felly, *Dick o'Yem's* o owd *Harry's*, ſey, ot he kneaw ſome on um ot went ſnips wi' theeſe Catterpillars ther Clarks: on if ſo, ſhou'd they naw be hugg'd oth' ſeme back, on ſcutcht with' ſeme Rod wi' ther Clarks; heors to meh?

M. Now, now, not tey marry: far if ſitch things munt be done greadly on os tey aught to bee, th' bigger Raſcot ſhould ha' th' bigger ſmacks, on moor on um, yo known, Tummus. Boh greyt fok oft dun whot te win wi' little ons, reet or rank; whot kere'n they. So let's leeof ſitch to mend when the con hit on't; on neaw tell meh heaw ye went'n on wither Meaſter.

T. Eigh, byth' Miſs, Meary, I'd freeot'n that. Why then theaw mun know, eh ſitch o keſe os tat I'd no ſkuſe to mey, far I towd im heawth' Kawve wur kilt ith' Lone, on ot I'd ſowd th'Hoyde far throtteen-pence. On then I cou'd tell him no moor; far he nipt up th' Deaſhon, ot ſtoode oth' Harſtone, on whirld it at meh: Boh eſtid o hitting me, it hit th' Reeam-Mug ot ſtoode oth' Hob, on keyvt awth' Reeam into th' Foyar: Then th' Battril coom, on whether it lawmt th' Barn ot wur ith' Keather I know naw, far I laft it roaring an belling; ſo as I'r ſcamp'ring owey, eaw'r Seroh aſht me where e wou'd goa?

I towd'r

I towd'r ot Nicko oth Farmer's greyt Leath wurth next; on I'd go thither.

M. Of awth' Spots ith' Ward, tear wou'd not I ha com'n for a Yepſintle o Ginnys.

T. I geawſe theaw meeons becoſe fok ſen Boggarts awlus hauntit it: Boh theaw knows I'r wickitly knockt up, an force is Meds'n far a mad Dog.

M. It matters naw; it wou'd never ha ſunk'n into me ta harburt tear.

T. Whau, but I went; an juſt as I'r gett'n to th' leath dur, whooa ſhou'd e meet boh Yed o' Jeremy's, their new Mon.

M. That leet weell; far Yed's as greadly o lad as needs t' knep oth' Hem of a Keke.

T. True: So I towd im meh Keſe e ſhort, an ſooary he lookt too-to: I wiſh eh durſt let te lye wi' me, ſed he; but as I boh coom to wun here this Dey Sennit, I dare naw venter: But I'll ſhew thee a prime Mough o Hey, an theaw mey do meeterly frowt I know. Thattle doo, ſed I, ſhew it me, far I'm ſtark an ill done. So while he'ur ſhewing it me with Scoance, he ſed, I ſummot tell the Tum, but I'm loath. Theaw meeons obeawt Boggarts, ſed I, but I'm lik't venter. Theaw's meet hit it, ſed he: An I con tell the, I cou'd like meh Pleck primely but far that: Heawe'er as th' Tits mun eawt very yarley, I mun provon um obeawt one o'Clock, an I'll caw t' ſee heaw tha goes on: 'Sblid, ſed I, if theaw mun eawt ſo yarley, I'll fodder on provon the Tits far the, an theaw mey ſleep, intle lay th' Provon ready. That I'll do an thank the too, ſed Yed. Then he ſhew'd me heawth' Mough wur cut with a Hey-Knife, hawve wey deawn like a great Step, on that I moot come of yeaſily o that Side: So we bid tone tother good Neet. I'r boh meet ſattlt when eh heard ſummot ith' Leath. Good-Lorjus Meary! meh Fleſh crept o meh Booans, on meh Yecars crackt ogen weh hark'ning. Preſently I heard ſomebody caw ſawfly, Tummus, Tummus. I knew th' Voice, an ſed, whooas tat, tee, Seroh? Eigh, ſed hoo, an I ſtown a lyte Wetur-podditch, an ſome Thrutchings, an a Treacle-butter-keke if e con eyght um. Fear me not, ſed I,

far I'm os hongry as o Rott'n. Whau, mitch-go-deet-o with um, ſed hoo; an yo mey come on begin, far they need'n no keeling. Neaw I'r e ſitch a flunter e getting to th' Wark ot I'd freeot'n th' Spot ot Yed towd me on, ſo I feel deawn offth' heeſt Side oth' Mough, an ſitch a Flooſe o Hey follut me, ot it driv meh ſhiar deawn, an Seroh, with meyt inner hont, o top o me; an quite hill'd us booath.

M. Cotsfiſh, this wur a nice Trick oth bookth on't, wur it naw!

T. Eigh, ſo t'wur; boh it leet weell atth' Podditch wur naw ſcawding: Far when we'd'n mede Shift to heyve an creep fro under, ſome oth' Podditch I fund had dawbt up tone o meh neen.—Thrutchings wur'n ſhed oth Weaſtbant o meh Breechus, an th' Treacle-butter-keke ſtickt to Seroh's Brat. Heawe'er, weh ſcrawming obeawt ith Dark we geete up whot we cou'd, an I eet it Snap, far beleemy, Meary, I'r ſo keen bitt'n I mede no bawks ot o Hey-ſeed. So while I'r buſy cadging meh Wem, hoo tow'd me hoo lipp'nt hur Feather wur turn'd Strackling, an if I went whoam ogen I'ſt be e dawnger o being breeont: That me deme wou'd ha met'run, far I ſhou'd be loſe ot Feerſuns-een on it matter't naw mitch. I thowt this wur good keawnſil, ſo I geet Seroh t' fotch me meh tother Sark: Hoo did ſo, an I thankt 'ur, bid fareweell, an ſo we partit. I ſoon ſattlt meh ſeln ith mough under a flooſe o hey, an ſlept ſo weell, ot when e wack'nt I'r feerd ot id o'er ſlept meh ſeln, on cou'd naw provon th' Tits e Time.

M. It wur weell far yo ot e coud'n ſleep, far I'ſt ne'er ha lede meh een t' gether, I'm ſhure.

T. Whau, but I ſtartlt up to go to th' Tits an ſlurr'd deawn to th' lower part oth' Mough; and by the Maſkins-Lord whot duſt to think, boh I leet hump-ſtridd'n up o' ſummot ot feld meety hewry, an it ſtartit up weh meh on its Back, deawn th' lower part oth' Hey-mough it jumpt; 'croſs t'leath; eawt oth' dur wimmey it took; an intoth' Weturing-poo as if the Deel o Hell had driv'n it; and there it threw me in, or I feel off, I connaw tell whether.

M. Whoo

M. Whoo-who, whoo-who, whoo! whot ith' Neme o God winney ſey!

M. Sey,—why I ſey true as t' Goſpil; an I'r ſo freetn't I wur warr ſeet to geet eawt (if poſſible) in e wur when Nip an me feel off th' Brig.

M. I newer heard ſitch teles ſin meh neme wus Mall!

T. Teles!—Udds bud, tak um awt gether an they'dn welly mey a Mont ſton oth' wrang eend.

M. Whau but wur it owd Nick, think'n eh or it wur naw!

T. I hete to tawk on't, wilt howd te tung, but if it wur naw owd Nick, he wur th' orderer on't to be ſhure.

M. Whau, Tummus, pre'o' whot wur it!

T. Bleſs meh, Meary! theawrt ſo yearnſtful, at teaw'll naw le meh tell meh tele. Whau, I did naw know meh ſeln whot it wur of an eaw'r.—If eh know yet.

M. Whau, boh heaw went'n ye on then?

T. Whau, weh mitch powlering I geet eawt oth' Poo; an be me troth, lieve meh as to liſt, I cou'd naw tell whether I'r in a Sleawm or wak'n till eh groapt at meh Neen: An as I'r reſolv'd to come no moor ith' Leath, I crope under a Wough, an ſtoode like a Gawmbling, or a parſit Neatril till welly Dey; an juſt then Yed coom.

M. That wur paſſing weel conſidering th' keſe ot yoar'n in.

T. True, Laſs; far I think I'r newer feaner t' ſee nobody ſin ir' kerſunt.

M. Whot ſed Yed?

T. Whau he heeve up his Honts, an he bleſt, an he prey'd, an mede ſitch Marlocks that if I'd naw bin eh that wofo Pickle I'ſt a bruſs'n weh leawghing. Then he aſht meh heaw I coom t' be ſo weet? An whau he ſtoode teear? An ſitch like. I towd im, I cou'd gi' no okeawnt o meh ſeln; boh that I'r carrit eawt oth' Leath be owd Nick as I thowt.

M. I'd awlus a Notion whot it wou'd prove ith heel of aw,

T. Pre'the howd te Tung a bit,—theaw puts me eawt. I towd im I thowt it wur owd Nick; far it wur vaſt ſtrung; varra hewry; an meety ſwift.

M. E, whot

M. E, whot a greyt marcy it is yoar where ye are Tummus!

T. Eigh, Meary, ſo 'tis, far its moor in I expectit. Boh theawſt heor. Yed wur ſo flay'd weh that bit at I'd towd him, ot he geete me by th' Hont an ſed, come, Tummus, let's flit fro this Pleck; far my Part I'll naw ſtey one Minnit lenger. Sed I, iftle fotch meh Sark eawt oth' Leath I'll geaw with the. Ney, ſed he, that I'll newer do while meh neme's Yed. Whau, ſed I, then I'm like t' gooa beawt it. Dunnaw trouble the nob obeawt tat: I two o Whoam, an I'll gi' theeth tone, come let's geet off, ſed he. So were'n marching owey; but before wed'n gooan five rood, I ſeed ſummot, an ſeete up a greyt reeak, (far I thowt I'd ſeen owd Nick ogen, Lord bleſs us): Seys Yed, whot ar to breed we neaw, Tummus? I pointit th' Finger, an ſed, is naw tat the Dule? Which, ſed he; That under th' Hedge, ſed I. Now, now, naw hit; that's eawr yung Cowt ot lies areawt, ſed Yed. The Dickons it is, ſed I! Boh I think eh meh Guts ot that carrit meh eawt oth' Leath. Then Yed axt meh if th' Dur wur opp'n? I towd him I thowt it wur. Boh I'm ſhure I tynt it, ſed Yed. That moot be, ſed I, far after theaw laſt meh eawr Seroh browt me meh Supper, an hoo moot leeof it opp'n. By th' Miſs, ſed Yed, if ſo, Tum, this varra Cowt'll prove th'Boggart! Let's into th' Leath, an ſee, far it's naw ſo dark as't wur. With aw meh heart, ſed I; boh let's ſtick toth' tone tother's Hont then. A thiſs'n we went into th' Leath, an be meh truth, Meary, I know naw whot' think: there wur a Yepſintle o Cowt tooarts upoth' lower part oth' Hey-mough, on th' Pleck where it had line os plene os o Pike-ſtaff. But ſtill, ift' wur it ot carrit meh, I marvel heaw I could ſtick on ſo lung, it wur eh ſitch o hurry t' get owey.

M. Whot te firrups! it ſignifies nowt, far whether ye ſtickt on or feel off, I find that eawr owd Nick wur th' Cowt ot lies areawt.

T. Whau, I connaw ſey a deeol obeawt it, it looks likly, as teaw ſeys; but if this wur not a Boggart I think there newer wur none, if they'd bin reetly fiftit into.

M. Marry,

M. Marry, I'm mitch eh yoar mind:—but hark ye, didneh leet o' yer Sark?

T. Eigh, eigh: I height eh meh Pocket ſe the, far its boh meet neaw ot eh took meh leeof o Yed, on neaw theaw ſees I'm running meh Country.

M. On whot dunneh think t' doo?

T. I think t' be an Oſtler; far I con mex'n, keem, on fettle Tits, os weell os onny one on um aw, tho' theaw mey think it's gawſtring.

M. Ney, I con believe o'.——E law, whot o cank han we had! I mennaw eem t' ſtey onny lunger. God be with o'; far I mun owey.

T. Howd:—Ney, Meary; le meh ha one Smeawtch ot parting, far theaw'rt none ſitch a ſcaw whean noather.

M. Ney,——neaw.——So, Tummus; goa teaw on ſlaver Seroh o' Rutchot's, in yo bin ſo kipper.

T. Why neaw, heaw ſpoytfoo theaw art! Whot in o body doo like Seroh; there's nobody boh the lik'n ſomebody.

M. Eigh, true, Tummus; boh then ſometimes ſomebody likes ſomebody elze.

T. I geawſe whot to meeons; far theawrt glenting ot tat flopper-meawth'd gobſlotch, Bill o' owd Katty's; becoſe ot fok ſen Seroh hankers after im: I marvel whot te dule hoo con ſee in im: I'm mad at ur.

M. Like enough; far it's o feaw life t'luff thooſe ot luff'n other fok: Boh yoar o Ninnyhommer t'heed ur; far there's noan ſitch farrantly tawk obeawt'r.

T. Whau, whot dun they ſey?

M. I mennaw tell;——Beſide yoan haply tey't noan ſo weell in o body ſhou'd.

T. Whau, I connaw be angurt ot tee, chez whot to ſeys, os lung os to boh harms after other fok.

M. Why then, they ſen, ot hoos o mawkinly, dagg'd-a—ſt, whiſk-tel't whean; on——on——

T. On whot, Meary? Speyk eawt.

M. Why, to be plene with o', tey ſen ot ur Moother took Bill o owd Katty's on ur eh Bed t'gether, laſt *Sundey* Mourning.

T. E—the dev——*(good Lord bleſs us)* is tat true!

M. True

M. True! Heaw ſhou'd t' be otherways, far ur Moo-ther wur crying, on ſoughing to meh Deme, laſt *Mundey* yeandurth, obeawt it.

T. 'Sſleih Meary! I'm fit cruttle deawn into th' yoarth: I'd leefer o tean forty Eawls!

M. Whau, luckit neaw; I'm een ſooary for't: God help it: Will it topple o'er? Munneh howd it hecod while it Heart braſts o bit?

T. E, Meary; theaw little gawms heaw it thrutche meh Plucks! far int' did, theaw'd naw mey ſitch o hob-bil on meh.

M. Neaw e good troth, I con hardly howd me unlaight, t'ſee heaw faſt yoar eh Luff's Clutches! Boh I thowt I'd try o'.

T. Meary, whot dus to meeon?

M. Whau, I towd o parcil o thumping lies, o purpoſe t' pump o'.

T. The Dickons tey the, Meary——Whot on awkert whean ar teaw! Whot te pleague did t' flay me o thiſs'n far? theaw'rt o wheant laſs—I'd leefer o gooan th' Arnt forty mile.

M. Eigh o hundurt, rether thin o had it o bin true: But I thowt I'd try o'.

T. Whau, on if I dunnaw try thee, titter or latter it-tle be o marvel!

M. It's a greyt marcy yo connaw doot neaw far crut-tling deawn.—Boh I mun owey: Far if meh Deme be cumn Whoam there'll be ricking.—Whau, think on ot yoad'n rether ha tene forty Eawls.

T. I'ſt think on ot teaw looks o bit whiſky chez whot Seroh o Rutchot's is.

M. I heard um ſey ot gexing's o kint' lying, on ot Proof oth Pudding's ith Eyghting.—So fere weell, Tum-mus.

T. Meary, fere the weell heartily: on gi'meh Luff t' Seroh, let't leet heawt will.

M. Winneh forgi' meh then:

T. Byth' Miſs will eh, Meary, froth' bothum o me Crop.

THE

THE BATTLE OF THE

Flying Dragon *and the* Man *of* Heaton.

THE ARGUMENT.

A Lancaſhire Beau being at *London*, fell in love with the large Pig-tails and Ear-locks, and conſequently brought the French Toys with him to *Lancaſter*; buſineſs calling him to *Sunderland*, on that coaſt, and the day being uncommonly boiſterous, he mounts his Courſer, dreſſed in the Pig-tail, Ear-locks, &c. *a la mode de Fra.* The Toy rolled on his ſhoulders, till the blaſts blew away both that and the Ear-locks, they being faſtened to the Tail with black Ribbons. ——A Countryman coming that way and ſeeing them blown about in the lane, takes the French medley for a Flying Dragon, and after mature deliberation reſolved to kill it. This produced three Battles; at the latter end of which (the wind ceaſing, and the Pig-tail lying ſtill) he thought he had manfully performed. Elated with the exploit, he twiſts his ſtick in the Earlocks, and carries all before him aloft in the air, as boys commonly do adders; till meeting the Rector of *Heyſham*, he was, with much ado, convinced; and then in great confuſion ſneaked away; leaving his Reverence in poſſeſſion of the monſter; who ſtill keeps it at *Heyſham*, and often ſhews it with much diverſion to his friends.

WHAT man alive, tho' e'er ſo wiſe,
With ſpaniel's noſe, and eagle's eyes,
Can tell this hour, what th' next will fling us,
Or whether joy, or ſorrow bring us;
That no diſpute there needs of this,
The man of *Heaton* witneſs is:
A man he was, and very ſtout,
But whether quite ſo wiſe, ſome doubt,

And as my muſe dare not decide,
The following facts muſt be our guide.
So leaving him in doleful mood,
Let's hint at one more underſtood.
Our other hero, for we've two,
Hight Mynheer Skyppo Vanderloo,
Was late arrived from that fam'd city,
Half French, half Engliſh—ah, what pity!
Where courtiers, penſioners, and placemen,
By frequent ins, and outs, diſgrace men;
Where doughty ſquires to knights are vamp'd:
Where half-thick lords to earls are ſtamp'd;
Where all the arts of jockey-ſhip
Are us'd, as at the turf and whip;
Where one throws out his deareſt brother,
And ſtateſmen joſtle one another;
Who lay their megrim brains together,
To make our feet find their own leather.
Our eyes muſt ſee, ſans ſun or candle,
And in the day mope—dingle dangle;
Where bribery's the chiefeſt trade,
And laws againſt our int'reſt made;
Where *Britain's* fate is—hum—decided,
And all 'mongſt w——s and r——s divided!
But ſtay? Should I their actions paint,
Our heads would ach, our hearts would faint;
So leaving them, and their grand ſquabble,
My muſe of better things ſhall babble.
This man I ſay, was juſt come down
From that French-pig-tail foppiſh town,
As gay as daw, in borrow'd plumes,
And all the airs of fop aſſumes.
His Ramille ſecundum artem,
Was toſs'd up——bleſs me——ah—ad fa-t-m;
His Earlocks too!—near eyebrows plac'd,
His countenance genteelly grac'd,
A Pig-tail dangling to his a—e,
(O truth, 'tis thou that ſhames my verſe)
Being tagg'd with curious ſhining hair,
In various colours did appear;

With

With powder duſted, ſmooth'd by tonſure,
He look'd as grand as monkey Monſure!
His nag high-mettled ſhin'd like raven,
Both ſire and dam of blood, in *Craven*:
He mounted, hem'd—fill'd cheeks with wind;
Spurr'd nag—(who anſwer'd from behind)
Away he flew——Now boiſt'rous Boreas,
Vex'd to ſee man ſo vainly glorious,
Reſolv'd this champion's pride to humble,
And make his furious courſer ſtumble,
But finding ſoon this ſcheme to fail,
He aim'd his force at the Pig-tail,
And whiſk'd it round, both back and ſhoulder,
Still he rode on, and ſtill look'd bolder!
Boreas chagrin'd and gall'd with pain,
At Ear-locks blew with might and main,
Not dreaming of their being ally'd,
And to the Tail ſo cloſely ty'd.
All Skyppo's head attire ſo gay,
The blaſt had nearly blown away,
When Fortune raiſing ruffled hand,
Kept wig and beaver on their ſtand;
But Pig-tail with the Ear-locks new,
Away with Boreas waving flew,
Our hero ſpruce ne'er miſs'd the toy,
But rode for *Sunderland* with joy;
Thinking to ſhew the faſhion new;
Which ſight wou'd make one laugh—or ſpew.

PART II.

BUT who comes next! The man of *Heaton*,
Whoſe very name old time hath eaten:
For authors in this point do vary;
Some call him *Roaf*, ſome *Will*, ſome *Harry*;
But I incline for private reaſon
To call him *Oamfrey*, at this ſeaſon;
And ſometimes *Noamp* perhaps may fit,
As ſuits my rhyme, or helps my wit.

But on he comes;—and fame rehearſes
His noſe two feet before his a——e is;
A truſty knob-ſtick fill'd his hand,
And thought no pow'r could him withſtand.
When lo! his lifted eyes aſſail
A long, black thing, with wings and tail;
The wings quick moving with the wind,
The tail in curls turn'd up behind.
So *Oamfrey* ſtops his ſaunt'ring courſe,
And unto muſing had reſource.
Then ſtamp'd his knob-ſtick on the ground,
And crying, in amaze profound,
I'th neme o' Jeſus, ſay—whot' art,
That two black tungs fro meawth con dart?
Whooas twiſted body's like the hurn
O' that fem'd beeoſt the unicorn!
I ſay, whot' art? ith' neme o' God!
My ſtick ſhall—howd—I've heard a rod
Of willow, will demoliſh ſoon
The direſt ſnake below the moon.
With that ſtout *Noamp* his thwittle drew,
And on the edge three times he blew;
Then from the hedge he, in a crack,
Brings a tough willow with him back:
But whilſt the leaves he from it ſtrips,
Acroſs the lane the Dragon ſkips!
Quoth he—I ſee theaw'rt marching off,
Boh howd o bit;—this willow tough
Shall, if ſtrength fail not, ſtop thy flight;
So ſtrikes the Pig-tail with his might,
And cries out, boh!—then quick returns;
Then gives a ſtroke—then backward runs.
The monſtrous animal up flew,
And *Oamfrey* ſtarting quick withdrew:
His eyes o'th' ſtare; his face grew pale;
With open mouth he view'd the tail,
Which briſkly wanton'd in the wind;
Then ſwore—It's of the dragon kind!
On deep reflection he grew tardy,
And thought it ſin to be fool-hardy.

If

If I con ſeve me ſell, quoth he,
Whot's flying-dragons unto me?
There con no wiſdom be, I trow,
In feighting things we dunnaw know;
For ſhould it chonce fly e meh fece,
I'm deeod os tripe—witheawt God's greee.
So *Oamfrey* he the wand threw down,
Took up his ſtick, and march'd for town.

PART III.

TWO roods he had not gone, before
A blaſt of wind the monſter bore,
Within two yards of *Oamfrey*'s ſtick,
Which vex'd our hero to the quick.
Quo *Noamp*, be this I plenely ſee,
It mun be oather thee or me:
And ſin 'tis ſo, I'll never run,
Boh kill, or dee, before eh done.
Then, in a paſſion from his hand,
He threw his ſtick, and fetch'd the wand;
And poor Pig-tail with courage freſh,
And all his might, began to threſh;
But ſtill the Dragon kept the field,
Cock'd up his tail, and ſcorn'd to yield.
This furious combat, by report,
Did laſt till *Oamfrey*'s ſtick grew ſhort,
And a ceſſation, as Fame reckons,
Continu'd till he got freſh weapons.
But *Oamfrey*, having luck to find
A weapon to his murd'ring mind,
Says ſoftly thus unto himſelf,
Theaw feights for honour, not for pelf;
On if theaw gets this direſoo beawt,
Thy feme will bleze, on ne'er gooa eawt.
Then hemming twice—ſpits on his hand,
And ſnatches up the magic wand,
Reſolv'd to do a feat to brag on,
So ſtrikes, with all his might, the Dragon:

And thus the battle was renew'd,
And both ſides to their tackle ſtood.
Again fierce *Oamfrey*'s ſtick did dwindle
Into the length of common ſpindle;
But thinking now the battle gain'd,
Becauſe he with no blood was ſtain'd;
Reſolv'd to fetch another ſwitch,
To kill outright this Dragon-Witch.
Now while this third great duel laſted,
Fierce *Oamfrey*'s ſtrength was almoſt waſted;
The Dragon too, now wanting breath,
Had ſymptoms of approaching death;
And ev'ry member ſeem'd to fail,
He hardly ſtirring wing or tail;
For Boreas likewiſe tir'd at length,
Had quite exhauſted all his ſtrength,
And all was huſh——So Fortune gave
The field and battle to the brave!
And Pig-tail lies as ſtill as ſtone,
As tho' to live, it ne'er had known.
And thus the Dragon here was ſlain,
Whilſt *Oamfrey* lives to fight again.

PART IV.

OUR hero's courage none can doubt:
Nor love of fame was he without,
For when this glorious feat was done,
And ſuch a vict'ry fairly won,
Ambitious *Oamfrey*, in a crack,
Put kerſey coat on ſweating back;
And then with cautious ſtare he view'd
The Dragon, which he'd hack'd and hew'd;
But ſtill it prov'd above his ken,
As it might do to wiſer men.
Here *Oamfrey* muſters up his ſenſes,
And Pride threw down all meek pretences;
So he reſolv'd he'd boldly bear,
In triumph, all the ſpoils of war.

With

With this intent, his ample foot
Held down the Pig-tail, whilſt he put
His ſtick within the frizzled hair,
And thus before him did it bear.
Ten furlongs he'd triumphing paſt,
But met no mortal man nor beaſt:
When lo!—he met, with heart full gleeſome,
The rev'rend rector, ſtil'd of Heyſham.
The parſon ſtar'd, whilſt *Oamfrey* held
The Dragon, which he'd lately kill'd:
And after clearing up his weaſand,
He query'd thus, to know the reaſon.
Why, *Oamfrey*, man! what have you got
Upon your ſtick? That I know not.
Where did you find the tawdry thing?
Tawdry!—quo' *Noamp!*—Why, 't has a ſting.
A ſting, man!—nay, no more than you:
Byth' miſs, good parſon, that's naw true:
Look at it's tungs;—it's ſting's ith' tele,
Or elſe I'm ſure my ſenſes fele.
True;—quoth his rev'rence, that may be!
And in that point we both agree:
But, if my eyes, like thine, don't fail,
It is, tho' large, a French pig-tail.
A pig-tele pars'n! That's good fun:
No more thin bacco-pipe's a gun:
Why, 'twas alive ten minutes ſince,
An that I'll ſwear, be king or prince;
Nay, more thin that, it flew abeawt,
An that no ſwine-tele, nor his ſneawt,
Cou'd ever doo, ſin Noah's flood:
An this I will maintene for good.
The rector laugh'd, and *Noamp* look'd ſour,
For to convince he wanted pow'r:
Nor could *Noamp* to his thoughts give vent,
As anger cork'd up argument.
His rev'rence then began again
To reaſon thus: Why, look ye, man;
This is black ſilk; and this is hair;
Feel—and believe—you need not ſtare.

Not

Not ſtare? Why pars'n did naw you
Affirm juſt neaw, o thing naw true:
Did naw yo ſey it wur a pig-tele,
Which 'tis no moor thin 'tis a ſnig-tele.
Why man; but ſo they call the thing;
You ſee 't has neither head nor ſting:
Theſe ribands are to tie it on,
As you ſhall ſee, I'll do anon.
His rev'rence then his wig took off,
And *Noamp* began to hem and cough;
His doubt he found to diſappear,
And that he'd got th' wrong ſoo by th' ear:
For, as the parſon was adjuſting,
Things grew the more and more diſguſting;
But when he put o'er all his wig,
" The d——l ta' yer tele o' pig!——
" What ſenſe is there e tele ſo black,
" That's teed to th' heeod, and rows oth' back;
" In they'd ha things weh netur jump,
" The tele ſhou'd awlus ſton oth' rump;
" That fok moot know oytch fooliſh brat
" Fro monkey greyt, or meawntin-cat.
" Boh gawbies neaw gin kerſ'n nemes
" To things, naw hardly fit for ſlemes."
So *Oamfrey* grumbling budg'd away,
But neither bad good night nor day.
The rector laugh'd, and laugh'd again,
At *Oamfrey*'s notions thro' the ſcene,
And took the pig-tail with him home,
For ſport to friends in time to come,
And keeps it to this very day
At Heyſham, as my authors ſay.

THE

THE BLACKBIRD.

WHEN bright Apollo's flaming car had run
The ſouthern courſe, and in our climes begun
To perfect bloſſoms, and the budding flow'rs,
To paint the fields, and form the ſhady bow'rs,
The diſtant proſpects all around were ſeen
To wear a curious eye-delighting green.
Such were the days when MINOS would be dreſt,
To look more awful on a day of reſt;
His ſapient head he deckt in perriwig
Of three-tails dangling, to look *Quorum* big;
His beaver cock'd, plain-dealing wiſe, he pull'd
So low, his forehead in it ſeem'd involv'd,
But this was done his viſage more to grace,
And coup'd a third part from his pouting face;
After a turn or two, within the room,
A hem breaks forth——and then he calls his groom.
Here, Jack! Where's Jack? I'm here, his man replies,
Bring out my horſe, and ſtraightway *John* complies.
He being gone, the knight muſt ſee the glaſs,
To fix ſome upright airs in oblong face;
His hand adorn'd with ruffl'd ſhirt he drew,
Into his head, and ſet his wig aſkew;
Then gently ſtrok'd his manly beard, and then,
Adjuſted three-tail'd peruke once again;
The bob before he'd often toſs behind,
As pleas'd his curious ſelf-admiring mind;
He low'r'd his eye-brows, made a furrow'd brow,
Pull'd in his chin more majeſty to ſhow:
Pleas'd with the ſight, and firſt, aſide, the man
Bow'd low, and this ſoliloquy began:
I'll ſay thou'rt graceful,—very graceful, and
Thy very look will reverence command!

Thy dreſs is handſome,——very genteel;——ſtill
Not the leaſt foppiſh, if I've any ſkill;
Beſides, 'tis known, this head can penetrate
Into dark things, and ſolve each hard debate;
Or, as the proverb ſays, can ſee as far
Into a millſtone"—Here the gate did jar;
For John had done according to command,
And waiting ſtood, with nag, and cap in hand.
The ſteed was ſleek, and bore a lofty creſt,
And worth a troop of HUDIBRAS's beaſt;
Nor ever was Don QUIXOTE's dapple fit,
For ſpeed and beauty, to be nam'd with it.
This bonny nag Sir MINOS did beſtride,
And thro' the town with ſolemn pace did ride:
About ten furlongs they had paſs'd, before
The knight and 'ſquire of ſilence broke the door;
And then it was the juſtice came t'himſelf,
From contemplating on his wit and pelf:
With liſping accent, and emphatic voice,
(While pate and bum on thigh kept equal poiſe,)
He put theſe queries to his cunning 'ſquire,
And then ſly John to knight rode ſomething nigher.
Jack, thou muſt tell me true what now *I* aſk,
Since 'tis no wicked, nor ungodly taſk:
Sir, there's no doubt, (ſays John.) Then tell me pray,
What ſays the world that now I bear ſuch ſway?
Why, Sir! they ſpeak exceeding well of you,
As wiſe, and good; to king and country true.
Thou anſwer'ſt well, and glad I am to know,
The world ſuch thoughts ſo juſtly do beſtow.
Here Jack, with wry mouth, turns his eyes aſkew,
As he came on: but hark thee, Jack,—tell true;
When I appear, don't wicked raſcals quake?
Yes, that they do; and like an aſpin ſhake.
What do they think, when I'm upon the bench;
You knock down ſin, and burning luſt do quench.
Whoſe judgment is't a knotty matter clears?
Sir, yours alone ſinks twice as deep as theirs:
Jack bites his lip, that while the knight goes on,
Thy words are good,—I'll mend thy wages, John.

I thank

I thank you, Sir,——I'm much oblig'd to you:
Now th' Ouzle whiſtles, wheet-wit, wheet-wit, whee'u;
And ſo went on, like a ſhrill flute, to play
That gleeſome tune, the Twenty-ninth of May.
Hold, Jack, ſtand ſtill, I hear a whiſtling noiſe
Within that houſe: 'tis ſure ſome atheiſt's voice;
Tho' catholics, I've heard my father ſay,
Would whiſtle, dance, and ſing o' th' ſabbath-day.
But who can this be? Says John, I can't tell,
But man or maid, it whiſtles very well.
Some papiſt! Jack.——In that I 'gree with you.
Then comes the prelude, wheet-wit, wheet-wit, whee'u.
Both liſt'ned, while the tune was whiſtling o'er:
The knight, more vex'd than e'er he was before,
Turn'd ſhort his horſe, and, in a furious mood,
Said, I'll commit him,—he's the ſerpent's brood:
He ſees me ſtand, and yet he whiſtles on,
This ſabbath-day: was ſuch a thing e'er known?
'Tis papiſt-like to whiſtle againſt me,
Or, what's the ſame, againſt his majeſty:
No doubt he knows I repreſent the king,
And that we both are but the ſelf-ſame thing.
Sir, ſays the 'ſquire, this thing I know t'be true,
Now comes the flouriſh, wheet-wit, wheet-wit, whee'u,
And ſo proceeds with the old tune again.
The knight cries out, O monſt'rous and prophane!
Was ever antichriſtian impudence
So baſe, to give both God and man offence!
Tis moſt ſeditious;——Jack, light off thy horſe,
And bring the raſcal, elſe uſe all thy force;
For I this moment will commit him ſafe,
Where he'll not whiſtle, dance, nor ſing, nor laugh.
Scarce ſooner ſpoke than John was in, but made
Such queer demands, they knew not what he ſaid.
But he repeats, the whiſtling man muſt go
Before a juſtice, for he'd have it ſo.
The man replies, " the whiſtler's good and true,
" And ſerves me well; but what's all this to you?
" He takes no bribes, he aſks for nought but meat;
" Fawns on no king, nor doth his country cheat;

" He's not encumber'd with perplexing cares,
" Nor meddles with myſterious ſtate-affairs;
" He'll whiſtle on, although a juſtice ſtand
" Within the room, and ſlight his ſtern command."
Jack hearing this, began to ſmell a rat;
Howe'er he goes, and tells the juſtice flat,
The whiſtler would not come; he fear'd no law,
Nor king, nor juſtice valu'd of a ſtraw.
But when the knight heard this, he rav'd and tore,
And ſev'ral times thus by ASTREA ſwore,
I'll make him like a beacon on a hill,
An everlaſting monument of ill;
A ſad example of ſeditious tools,
Of pagan knaves, and antichriſtian fools.
And with theſe words he nimbly quits his horſe,
Raging with paſſion; never fury worſe;
And in he flies, with, where's this prophane wretch
That ſlights the law? whom I myſelf muſt fetch;
Where is this whiſtling turk? this ſtinking jew.
And now the bird ſings wheet-wit, wheet-wit, whee'u;
And then the Twenty-ninth of May begun;
What! (quoth the knight) was ſuch a thing e'er known
And, puppet-like, he whiſks himſelf about,
To ſee if he could find the whiſtler out.
The tune went bravely on, whilſt he, amaz'd,
Sought ev'ry corner, and about him gaz'd;
But ſtill this whiſtler was not to be ſeen,
Which fill'd the juſtice with tempeſt'ous ſpleen;
He ſtamp'd with foot, and lift his eyes above,
As tho' he call'd on thunder-ruling jove;
And then burſt out in this emphatic ſtrain,
Ungodly! wicked! heath'niſh, and prophane!
To break the ſabbath! whiſtle againſt heav'n!
The king and me! 'twill never be forgiven:
A diſaffected tune too, ſhameleſs man;
Notorious rogue, he's of the Jeſuits' clan;
And then once more tow'rds heav'n his eyes he ſent,
And ſaw the Blackbird in a wire cage pent,
Moſt ſweetly whiſtling the concluding ſtrain,
Which ſtunn'd the knight, as tho' with lightning ſlain:
He

He motionleſs as old Lot's wife did ſtand,
And ſtill ſtretch'd out his ſenſe-directing hand;
But at the laſt he wheels himſelf about,
His mouth he open'd, and his thoughts flew out.
Is this the whiſtler? nay, I ſcarce believe
But both my eyes and ears do me deceive:
I'll ſay't 'tis ſtrange, ſurpaſſing ſtrange! a bird
To whiſtle tunes!——the like was never heard.
I thought it was not poſſible for art
To teach birds muſic!——not the eaſieſt part:
Sure this is ſome Italian Ouzel brought
O'er ſeas, and was by wicked jeſuits taught.
Why, poz, I ne'er was ſo deceiv'd in all
My life before, and with a thing ſo ſmall!
I'll ſay't, I took it for ſome jacobite
That whiſtled thus; but who is always right?
Then beck'ning finger, makes the man draw near,
And in ſoft tone, thus whiſpers in his ear,
Here, honeſt man, I'll give thee half-a-crown,
To promiſe me this thing muſt not be known,
For ſhould the wicked ever hear this thing,
'Twou'd ſhame both me, and our moſt gracious king.
The fellow took the piece, and made a bow;
But, wiſeman-like, in promiſing was ſlow.
And knight perceiving that the bird was put
In cloſe confinement, and in limbo ſhut,
Old Oliverian and fanatic zeal
Grew cold, and did to cruſted ice congeal;
And, calm as midnight, took his leave, but ſaid,
Be ſure this thing be never public made.
Thus MINOS left the Blackbird cloſely pent,
And, mounting ſteed, on new adventures went.

THE

THE GOOSE.

WEARY with homely food, and toils of life,
With crying children, and a ſcolding wife,
A Weaver is reſolv'd to baniſh ſorrow,
And live to-day, let what will come to-morrow:
For who the tireſome loom can always bear,
And not regale his ſtomach with good cheer?
With this intent he from his loom doth ſtart,
And aſks his pockets if they'll take his part?
And Fortune favours, for they anſwer—Yes:
Which makes him ſkip, and thank his ſtars for this.
Then ſunday-coat he o'er his finglet puts,
And in high ſpirits to the market ſtruts,
Where geeſe, and ducks, and chickens feaſt his eyes,
But only one fat Gooſe poor Shuttle buys.
And now he thinks the happy moment come,
To triumph thro' the ſtreets, and bear the trophy home.
But who can guard againſt the turns of fate?
The wench he bought the Gooſe of cries—a cheat!
From hence enſues a noiſy doubtful ſtrife,
Such as was never heard 'twixt man and wife:
The gaping crowd around in parties ſtand:
But, lo! old *Granidoodle* juſt at hand.
When now their anger boils to ſuch a pitch,
That there was whore and rogue, and dog and bitch:
But words like theſe a poem may debaſe,
And only ſuit the hero of the caſe.
His worſhip, hearing, could no longer bear,
But cries aloud——*What noythe, what noythe ith there?*
Ith it for nought that I, the mighty I,
Do repreſthent hith Chineſthe Majeſthty?
Or that in vain I wear the thword and thield?
My name ith, wath, and will be———

Both

Both trembled at his voice——but firſt the man
Made a reſpectful bow, and thus began.
" May't pleaſe your worſhip's honour and your glory,
I will exactly tell you all the ſtory.
This gooſe I bought for twelve-pence, and paid down,
In good and lawful money, half-a-crown;
But now a ſaucy ſlut my change refuſes,
Demands more coin, and gives me groſs abuſes."
What thay you, woman; ith thith falth or true,
Thith fellow doth athert contherning you?
" May't pleaſe your Sov'reign Lord, the King's great Juſtice,
In whom for gooſe or money all my truſt is,
I wiſh I ne'er may ſee my ſpouſe or houſe,
If ever I receiv'd of him a ſouſe."
But will you thwear thith ith the cathe? If tho,
He thall to Bridewell for correcthion go.
" For God's ſake hear me, Sir, the Weaver cries;
I'll ſwear to ev'ry thing which ſhe denies:
If I ha'n't given her half-a-crown, then never
Let warp and weft be firmly join'd together."
What! huththy, thirrah! He thwear, you thwear too:
If Tholomon wath here, what could he do?
The matter ith tho nithe, upon my troth,
My mind inclinth me to confine you both:
But hold——
I'll toth o piethe of money up, that'th fair,
Which thall dethide the perthon that mutht thwear;
But, mark me well, the woman ith to choothe,
Or head or tail, like chanthe to win or loothe.
No ſooner ſaid than done—both parties willing,
The juſtice twirls aloft a ſplendid ſhilling,
While ſhe (ah! nature, nature!) calls for tail,
And pity 'tis, poor ſoul, that ſhe ſhould fail.
But chance decrees—up turns great *Chin-Quaw Ki-Po*,
Whoſe very name my belly ſore doth gripe—oh.
His worſhip view'd with joy the royal head,
And thus in broken liſping accents ſaid.
By thith event we very plainly find,
That juthtithe will take plathe, though thumtimth blind;

And

And had not I by providenth been here,
You two had fought it out, like dog and bear.
Here, fellow——take the book——for chanthe decreeth,
You take the oath;——but pay me firtht my feeth;
From peril of the law you'll then be loothe.
Huththy, give him the change, and eke the Goothe:
And, Thuttle, for the future, let me tell ye,
You mutht not pamper your ungodly belly:
Geethe, ducth, and caponth are for uth thage Cato'th:
Be you content with jannock and potatoth.
His work thus finiſh'd, paſſing thro' the ſtreets,
He tells the won'drous tale to all he meets;
And hugs himſelf for this rare action done,
Whilſt all men ſtare, ſome laugh; ſtill he goes on,
Plain ath a pike-thtaff tith, that I in pow'r
Do King and Country thervith ev'ry hour;
And to my utmotht do good order keep,
Both when I am awake, and when I thleep.
O, two, three, four, nay, five timth happy nathion,
When magithtrath have thuch a penetrathion!
No thtrangerth now for bread thall dare to roam,
But with their wiveth and children thtay at home:
Ath for philothopherth, I'll make them thqeek
In thpite of all their Latin and their Greek.
Newton himthelf thould here find no protectthion;
And all hith pupilth thall retheive correctthion:
They're Papitht all, in diff'rent mathkth, and we
Thould watch, like Arguth, dangerth to forethee:
The nathion'th right on juthtitheth depend,
And 'tith our duty roguth to apprehend.
Thuth withe men alwayth act, and I, thith day,
Have Church and Thtate pretherv'd, by quelling thith thad fray.

The Gardener and his Aſs.

AN Aſs with poverty long ſtrove,
And paſtur'd in the lanes,
Till, hunger-bit, he thus to *Jove*
In rueful tone complains:
Ah! hadſt thou made me any beaſt,
That laden by doth paſs,
Then had my paunch been fill'd (at leaſt)
With ſtraw—if not with graſs!
Jove hears his plaint, and ſoon doth ſend
A fox, with this advice,
Chear up, and look more briſk, my friend,
Hunger ſhould make thee wiſe:
Behold how gay the fool and knave,
Do ſtiffly ſtrut along:
The rat is ſleek, I fat and brave,
With murder, theft, and wrong.
Look thro' that fence, where ſpinage ſweet,
And coleworts green do grow,
The lettice, and the juicy beet;
Then who'd be hungry now?
The Aſs pricks up his ſlouching Ears,
And into th' garden peeps,
He longs the more, the more he ſtares,
Then thro' the hedge he creeps.
Balaam promiſcuouſly doth brouze
On herbs, and choiceſt flow'rs,
Till *Tom* the Gard'ner, doth him rouſe,
And all his ſweetneſs ſours.
For lo! a heavy club cries thwang
Upon the Aſs's ſide;
He ſtarts at this unwelcome bang,
And o'er the beds doth ſtride.

The fine glaſs bells and pots are broke,
Carnations fully blown
Alike are ruin'd at a ſtroke,
And wholly overthrown!
The Gardener, diſtracted, ſees
The havock which he makes,
He flatters much,—deſires a peace;
And thus the Aſs beſpeaks,
So, honeſt *Balaam*; ſo, my lad;
Stand ſtill.—I prithee ſtand;
The club is loſt which late I had,
As witneſs now my hand.
Thus, fawning, he with cautious ſtrides
Lays hold on *Balaam*'s ears.
And out of Paradiſe him guides,
To pay for all repairs.
For 'tis reſolv'd old *Hob* muſt pay,
And *Balaam* ſtoop to th' yoke,
By fetching pots and glaſs next day,
Inſtead of thoſe he broke.
The Morning ſcarcely peeps, when *Tom*
Between the crates is got,
And buſy thraſhing *Balaam*'s bum,
For blunders paſt, God wot!
The Aſs bewails his diſmal caſe,
And groans for freedom loſt;
And longs his rider to diſplace,
From his triumphing poſt,
When, lo! he ſees behind a ditch
Two thorny buſhes, where
He ſtraight runs thro', as if bewitch'd,
And quits his rider clear.
The crates and *Tom* are left behind,
He ſprawling in the mud,
His face is ſcratch'd, his peepers blind
With mixed mire and blood.
Thus crates and ſaddle, which, of late,
Tom dauntleſs did beſtride,
Mount in their turn—thus mighty fate
Doth humble human pride!

He ſcrap'd his clothes, he waſh'd his face,
And then for *Balaam* ſtares,
And ſaw him nibbling at the graſs,
Diſcharg'd of worldly cares.
Tom ſwore by *Jove*, reveng'd I'll be
On thee, by hook or crook;
So, with ſome pains and flattery,
Again he *Balaam* took.
The Aſs is ſaddled once again,
And *Tom* again him mounts;
Reſolv'd to ride with careful rein,
And make him clear accounts.
He then bang'd on about a mile,
Where he'd a bridge to paſs,
And *Balaam*'s ready with a wile,
As any other Aſs:
For he was dry, or did pretend,
At leaſt, for to be ſo;
Tom thinking he'd no other end,
So lets the bridle go.
The Aſs puts down his ſhaggy pate,
Then toſſes up his rump,
And tumbles *Tom* from off his ſeat,
Who lights i'th water—plump.
Balaam now thought he'd fredom gain'd,
But as he march'd away,
He found his head was ſtill reſtrain'd,
Tho' *Tom* i'th' water lay.
For he'd the bridle in his hand,
By which the Aſs did draw
Him bravely ſous'd unto the land,
Ill chagrin'd in his maw.
Tom had no ſooner found his feet,
But banged at the Aſs,
As if on purpoſe to be beat,
As iron is, or braſs.
But now his cudgel waxeth ſhort,
And cooler grows his ire;
Yet mounting ſteed is not his sport,
Nor trotting his deſire.

For hanging bridle on his arm,
He walks before the Aſs,
As fearing that ſome greater harm
Might quickly come to paſs.
So time, who ſees the end of things,
Doth half his journey ſee,
Where *Tom* his pots and glaſſes rings,
Poor *Balaam*'s load to be.
Now *Tom* his brittle ware doth pack
In ſtraw well mix'd, with care,
And lays them on the Aſs's back,
Which made him grunt and ſtare.
Howe'er, with patience *Balaam* went,
Until he came unto
The place where will, or acident,
So late his Maſter threw.
Nature, or man's contrivance, made
A high and lower way;
The one for ſuch as love to wade,
One o'er a wood-bridge lay.
The Aſs by chance, or choice, had got
Upon the higher road,
When *Tom* began to dread the lot
Of his precarious load.
No farther durſt he drive the Aſs,
Nor could he bring him back;
And *Tom* in ſuch dilemma was,
As put his mind o'th' rack.
Fear and vexation fiercely mov'd
Like light'ning thro' his breaſt,
Until his fury maſter prov'd,
And then he ſmote his breaſt.
The blow on *Balaam*'s noſe did light,
Which drove his head aſkew;
A foot behind ſlips off for ſpite,
And all the reſt o'erthrew.
Now, topſy-turvy, bell and pot
Do jingling tumble down,
And *Balaam* lies with four feet up,
Quite dead!—or in a ſwoon!

The Gard'ner, with uplifted hands,
Extends his mouth and eyes,
And like a marble ſtatue ſtands,
In terrible ſurprize.
A neighb'ring tinker by doth come,
And ſhakes him by the noſe;
Tom anſwers with a haw and hum,
As people in a doſe.
Then index finger he doth ſtretch,
And points at all his woe;
For look, ſaid he, that clumſy wretch
Is tumbled down below.
Well tho' tis ſo, the tinker ſays,
An Aſs is but an Aſs:
Tom quick replies, that's not the caſe,
He's broke my pots and glaſs!
The tinker owns the ſtory bad,
But ſays—thy ſtanding here
Will never mend it—Come my lad,
Let's view thy broken gear.
Tom and the tinker now agree,
And ſoon unlooſe the Aſs;
Then roll him off the crates, but he
Seem'd deadly ſtiff, alas!
Then both of them began to throw
Away the broken ware;
But thoſe they found in *ſtatu quo*,
Are pack'd again with care.
This done, the tinker takes one crate
And ſaddle on his back,
Tom lifts the other on his pate,
And homeward both do pack.
As on the road they jogging went,
Tom told the ſtory o'er;
The tinker did his caſe lament:
But ſtill he roundly ſwore,
Tom was a fool in grain, to think
Of coping with an Aſs:
Since more we ſtir, the more we ſtink,
In ev'ry dirty caſe.

The Aſs now left——contention ſore
  Aroſe between theſe two;
Tom thought him dead—the tinker ſwore
  " No more than I, or you."
All authors ſince do vary here,
  In this myſterious caſe.
Some write " he broke his neck," ſome ſwear,
  " He out-liv'd this diſgrace."
Be this as 'twill, we'll leave him here,
  'Twixt doubtful life and death;
Expecting time will make it clear,
  If he's ſtill life and breath.

THE MORAL.

SO have I ſeen a miniſtry beſtride
A commonwealth, in all the pomp of pride:
Who for the public good ne'er laid a ſcheme,
But dear ſelf-int'reſt was their only aim;
And neſtled in the umbrage of a crown,
Rode Jehu like, nor dream'd of tumbling down.
  Brib'd ſ—n—rs, ſold votes, to make us pay
Three-fifths to thoſe who ſquander'd all away:
But now ſuch taxes ne'er before were known,
Yet knaves cry up the times, when freedom's flown.
O glorious times! when candles and the ſun
Muſt yield them thouſands, or all's dark at noon!
  The red-ſtreak apple *golden juice muſt yield,*
Like bits of paper or the ſteril field:
We feel the yoke, and fatal ruin ſee,
Yet dare not ſtruggle for loſt l——y;
  But tho' at preſent all things ſmoothly paſs,
  Take care, ye jockies, *leſt ye ride an* ASS.

The Pluraliſt and Old Soldier.

A Soldier maim'd, and in the beggar's liſt,
Did thus addreſs a well-fed Pluraliſt:

SOL. AT *Guadaloupe* my leg and thigh I loſt,
No penſion have I, tho' its right I boaſt;
Your rev'rence pleaſe ſome charity beſtow,
Heav'n will pay double—when you're there—you know.

PLU. Heav'n pay me double! vagrant—know that I
Ne'er give to ſtrollers, they're ſo apt to lie:
Your pariſh, and ſome work, would you become,
So haſte away—or conſtable's your doom.

SOL. May't pleaſe your rev'rence, hear my caſe, and then
You'll ſay I'm poorer than the moſt of men:
When *Malbro* ſieged *Liſle*, I firſt drew breath,
And there my father met untimely death;
My mother follow'd, of a broken heart,
So I've no friend, nor pariſh, for my part.

PLU. I ſay, begone:—with that he loudly knocks,
And Timber-Toe began to ſmell the ſtocks;
Away he ſtumps—but in a rood, or too,
He clear'd his weaſand, and his thoughts broke thro'.

SOL. This 'tis to beg of thoſe who ſometimes preach
Calm charity, and ev'ry virtue teach;
But their diſguiſe to common ſenſe is thin,
A pocket button'd—Hypocrite within.
Send me, kind heav'n, the well-tann'd captain's face,
Who gives me twelve-pence, and a curſe, with grace,
But let me not, in houſe, or lane, or ſtreet,
Theſe treble-penſion'd parſons ever meet;
And, when I die, may I ſtill number'd be
With the rough Soldier, to eternity.

Lancaſhire

Lancaſhire Hob and the Quack Doctor.

A Thrifty Carl was tir'd of lonely cot,
Becauſe the tooth-ach he ſo often got:
Six teeth were all he had to chew his food;
All gave him pain, but none could do him good.
Hob hearing *Rochdale* town did then contain
A famous Quack, that drew teeth without pain,
To him he flies, and, in a voice as loud
As *Stentor*'s, thus beſpoke him thro' the crowd:
Ho—oniſt mon, whot munneh gi' ye to drea
A tuſh, ot pleagues me awmuſt neet and dey?
Six-pence, the Quack replies.—*Hob* ſpoke again,
On conneh do't me, thinkneh, beawt mitch pein!
Ho, well enough.—Quoth *Hob*, *Suppoſe I two,*
Yoan do for neen-punce? That I will not do.
Heaw monny then for twelve punce winneh poo?
All that thou haſt.—Quoth *Hob*, *They' e juſt enoo.*
The Doctor took this for a country joke,
Till he ſaw *Hob* hard preſſing thro' the folk,
And mount the ſtage —Quack now ſome mirth intends,
And ſlily for a pair of pincers ſends;
Thinking he'd met one of thoſe puny fools
Would run away from ſuch inhuman tools.
Hob takes the pincers—*Varra weel,* ſaid he,
If they'n fit yo, I'm ſhure they win fit me.
Hob now aloft is ſeated in a chair,
With open mouth, in which the Quack did ſtare;
Who laughing ſaid, You have but ſix, I find,
And they're ſo looſe, they'll wag with ev'ry wind.
Better for yo, yo known; do yo yer job.
Yes, yes, and quickly too, my honeſt *Hob:*
Hold up your head—*Oh*——Here is one you ſee;
Come, hold again—here's two—Would you have three?
I think

I think ot mon's a foo; we bargint plene,
Poo theese aw eawt, or set thoose in ogen.
If that be th' case, hold up again, my friend;
Come, open wide, and soon the work we'll end.
Hob now extends his spacious jaws so wide,
There's room for pincers, and good light beside.
Cries Quack, here's three, here's four; *Hob* bawls out *Oh!*
Hold, hold, says Quack, there's something more to do:
Come, gape again;—here's five—here's six—and th' last:
And now I'm sure thy tooth-ach pains are past.
That's reet, quoth Hob, *gi' me meh teeth, on then*
I'll pey os freely os some roycher men.
The Quack complies, and *Hob* his twelve-pence paid,
Then, in dismounting, to the mob thus said,
They're arron foos ot suse-punce pein for one,
While for o shilling I ha suse jobs done.
But still they're bigger foos that live e pein,
When good seawnd teeth may choance to come ogen.
The Doctor stares—and hastily replies,
They come again! not till the dead shall rise.
One single tooth no more thy jaws shall boast;
I hold a crown thou ev'ry tooth hast lost.
'Tis done, quoth *Hob:*—and stakes a Charles's crown:
The Quack as nimbly throws five shillings down.
Hob takes up all, and in a neighbour's hand
Secures the total: then makes his demand.
Measter, yo know eawr bet is that I've lost
My teeth; and that I have not none to boast.
The Quack replies, 'tis true; and what by that?
Why, see I've suse neaw eh meh owd scull-hat.
Ne, sur, if yoan geaw wimmey whoam, I'll shew
Yo ev'ry tooth, ot e meh meawth did groo.
The Quack, ill-vex'd he such a bite should meet,
Turn'd on his heel, while *Hob* said, *Sur—good neet.*

10 JY60

EPITAPHS.

On Jo. GREEN, *late Sexton at* Rochdale.

HERE lies *Jo. Green*, who arch has been,
And drove a gainful trade
With powerful death, till, out of breath,
He threw away his ſpade.
When Death beheld his comrade yield,
He, like a cunning knave,
Came, ſoft as wind, poor *Jo.* behind,
And puſh'd him int' his grave.
Reader, one tear, if thou haſt one in ſtore,
Since *Jo. Green*'s tongue and chin can wag no more.

The AUTHOR's EPITAPH.

A *Yard beneath this heavy Stone,*
Lies Jack-of-all-Trades, *good at none,*
A Weaver firſt, and then School-Maſter;
A Scriv'ner next: then Poetaſter.
A Painter, Graver, and a Fluter,
And Fame doth whiſper, a C———r:
An Author, Carver, and Hedge-Clark:
E Whoo-who-whoo, whot whofoo wark!
He's laſt um aw, to lie ith dark!

A GLOSSARY

of *Lancaſhire* Words *and* Phraſes:

In which many of the uſeleſs Corruptions are omitted and wherein the Reader may obſerve,

That *Words marked* A. S *come from the* Anglo-Saxon—Bel. Belgic—Br. Britiſh—Da. Daniſh—Du. Dutch—Fr. French—Sw. Swediſh—Teu. Teutonic.

A

ACTILLY, *actually.*
Agate, *on the way.*
an, *if, and.*
nent, *oppoſite.* A. S.
ppern, *apron.*
', *are.*
wer, *an hour, our.*
eawt, *out of doors.*
nt, *errand.*
ran, *arrant, downright.*
ſey-verſey, *heels over head.* A. S.
helt, *likely, probable.*
h, ax, *aſk.* A. S.
ht, axt, *aſked.*
ite, *as ſoon.* A. S.
't, *at it.*
wkert, *untoward, comical.* A. S.
wlung, *becauſe, by reaſon of.*
wlus, *always.*
wnſert, *anſwered.*
w o'like, *all I love.*
wto'pont, *out upon it.*
wtert, *altered.*
wviſh, *queer, comical.*

B

BACCO, *tobacco.*
Bagging, *baiting.*
Balderdaſh, *hodge-podge.* A.S.
bally, *belly.*
ban, *to curſe.* Bel.
bandyhewit, *a name given to any dog, when perſons intend to make ſport with his maſter.*
bant, *a ſtring.*
bargin, *bargain.*
barmſkin, *a leather apron.*
barn, *a child.* A. S.
barſt, *burſt.*
baſtert, *baſtard.*
baſtertly-gullion, *a baſtard's baſtard.*
bate, beawt, *without, except, about, or trial.*
battril, *a batting-ſtaff us'd by laundreſſes.*
bawks, *diſcouragements.*
be, *by.*
beawls, *bowls.*
beaſting, *a beating.*
becoſe, *becauſe.*

becoſs,

beeoſs, *cows.*
beeſt, *undigeſted milk, that next after calving.* A. S.
Beeſt'n Caſtle, *Beeſton Caſtle, 7 miles from* Cheſter.
behint, behunt, behund, *behind.*
beleady, *by our lady.*
beleemy, *believe me.*
belling, *making a noiſe.* A. S.
ber, *force.*
berm, *yeſt.* A. S.
berrit, *buried.*
bezzle, *embezzle, waſte.*
bin, *been.*
bit, *a ſmall part.*
blackiſh, *inclining to black.*
Blackſtone-Edge, *a hill between Lancaſhire and Yorkſhire.*
blendit, *mixed.* A. S.
blid, *blood; an interjection.*
boadle, *half a farthing,*
boggart, *a ſpirit, apparition.*
boh, *but.* N. B. *This and ſome others ending with h, are pronounced with a very ſhort aſpiration, as meh for me.*
bonkful, *bankful.*
booan, *a bone.*
booart, *a board.*
bookth, *largeneſs.* A. S.
bo'th', *but the.*
bowd, *bold.*
borrut, *borrowed.*
boyrnt, *waſh'd.* A. S.
brad, *ſpread, opened.*
braſs, *copper-money, coin.*
brat, *a child, a coarſe apron.* A. S.
breans, *brains.*
breechus, *breeches.*
breed, *frightened.*
brekfuſt, *breakfaſt.*
breve, *brave.*
brigg, *a bridge.*
brindlt, *a mixture of colours.*
brok'n, *broken.*
bruck, *brook.*
brunt, *burnt.* Bel.
bruzz'd, *broken, dulled,*
bullockt, *bullied, cheated.*
byth' miſs, *by the maſs.*

C

CADGING, *to ſtuff the belly, to tye a thing.*
Camm'd, *gone awry, argued croſsly, ill-naturedly.*
cank, *to talk of any thing.*
carl, *a clown.* A. S.
carrit, *carried.*
carron, *carrion.*
catterweawing, *wooing, or rambling in the night.*
cawd, cawd'n, *called.*
cheeot, *cheat.*
cheeop, *cheap.*
chez, *chuſe.*
chilt, *a child.*
choamber, *a chamber.*
choance, *chance.*
churn-getting, *a nightly feaſt after the corn is cut.*
cleeart, *cleared.*
cleawt, *a clout.*
clever, *luſty, ſkilful, very well.*
clewkin, *a ſort of ſtrong twine.* A. S.
clooas, *cloaths.*
cloyſe, *very near; a croft or field.*
clum, *did climb.*
cluttert, *gathered on heaps.* Du.
coaken, *the ſharp part of a horſe-ſhoe; to ſtrain in the act of vomiting.*
cob, *to throw.*
cock, *to ſtand up.*
cokes, *cinders.*
com, *a comb.*

coom,

coom, *came.*
con, *can; to look over.*
condle, *candle.*
cotsfish, *God's flesh.*
covert, *covered.*
cowd, *cold.*
creawp-ars'd, *hog-breech'd.*
creawn, *a crown.*
creemt, *gave privately.*
cricket, *a small stool.*
crom, *to stuff, to place a thing.*
crope, *crept.*
crop'n, *crept into.*
crotchenly, *weak, crazy.*
cruttle, *to stoop down, to fall.*
cud'n, *could.*
cudneh, *could you.*
cullert, *coloured.*
cumn, *come or came.*
cumpunny, *company.*
cun, *can.*
cup o sneeze, *a pinch of snuff.*
curtners, *curtains.*

D

DADDLE, *to reel, to go as Ducks.*
Dagg'd-arse, *dewy-arse.*
dagg'd-tele, *dirty slut.* Bel.
dawnger, *danger.*
deawmp, *dumb.*
deawn, *down.*
deawt, *doubt.*
deeod, *dead.*
deeol, *a deal, much.*
deeoth, *death.*
deet, *daubed, besmeared.*
deme, *dame.*
dey, *day.*
didney, didneh, *did you.*
Dick, *a by-name for Richard.*
dickons, *an interjection.*
Dicky o' Wills, vid. *Tumnus o' Williams.*
din, *a noise.*
dingle, *a valley.*
disactly, *exactly.*
dithert, *quaked, trembled.*
doage, *a little wet.*
dock, *to cut off.*
dofft, *put off, undressed.*
donk, *a little wettish.* Bel.
donn'd, *put on, dressed.*
doo, *do.*
dowing, *healthful.*
doytches, *ditches.*
doytch-backs, *fences.*
draight, *a draught or team.*
dreawnt, *drowned.*
dree, *long, tedious.* A. S.
droy, *dry, thirsty.*
dule, *the devil.*
dunnaw, *do not.*
dunneh, *do you.*

E

E, *an interjection, I, in, you.*
, Ealt, *ailed.*
Eary, *every.*
eawer, *our, an hour.*
eawls, *owls.*
eawnce, *ounce.*
eawt, *out.*
Ebil, *Abel.*
een, *eyes, even, eve or vigil.*
eendneaw, *by and by.*
eendwey, *endways, forward.*
eete, eyght, *did eat.*
egad, *by God.*
egodsnum, *in God's name.*
efeakins, *in faith.*
eh, *he, in, I, and you.*
eigh, *yes, the same with Ee.*
e-law, *ah, Lord!*
ele, *ale, ail.*
eshole, *the hole under the fire.*
eitid, *instead.* A. S.
eteaw, *broken, in pieces.*
ewer, *ever.*

F

FAMMISH'D, *starved.*
Fargeh, *forgive.*

Farrantly, *fair and likely.*
farſin, *fortune.*
faw, *fall.*
fawſe, *falſe.*
fawt, *fault.*
feear, *afraid.*
feaw, *foul, ugly*
feawly, *uglily, unfortunately.*
feaw whean, *an ugly woman.*
fearfoo, *fearful.*
feel, *fell.*
feggur, *fairer.* A. S.
feld, *felt, perceived.*
feelt, *a field.*
Feerſuns-een, *Shrovetide.*
felly, *a man.*
fere, *fair, honeſt, a fair, fare or cheer.*
fethur, *father.*
fettle, *dreſs, caſe, condition.*
fin'ſt, *beſt, braveſt.*
firrups, *a kind of imprecation.*
fittut, *fitted, ſupplied.*
flaight, *a little turf.*
flay, *to fear, or frighten.*
flay'd, *frightened.*
flee, *flay, to ſkin.*
fleed, *ſkinned.*
fleigh, *a flea.*
flit, *to remove.* Da.
flooſe, *fleece.*
flunter, *in a great hurry.*
fluſk, *to fly at, as two cocks.*
flyre, *to laugh ſcornfully.*
flyte, *to ſcold.* A. S.
fok, *folk.*
follut, *followed.*
foo, *a fool, full.*
foo-goad, *a play-thing.*
foomurt, *the pole-cat, or wild cat.* Br.
for ſhure, *for certain, certainly.*
for't, *for it.*
forthowt, *repented, foreſight.*
forſuth, *for ſooth.*
forrud, *forward.*
fotch, *fetch.*
fowd, *a fold, or yard.*
foyar, *fire.*
fratching, *quarrelſome.*
freeot'n, *forgotten.*
freſh-cullert, *roſy.*
fro, *from.*
frump, *a mock or jeer.*
fun, *found, ſport.*
furſt, *firſt.*
fuſſock, *a term of reproach for fat, idle women.*

G

GA, *gave.*
Gablock, *a ſtrong Iron bar.* A. S.
Gaight, *gave it.*
galker, *a tub to work drink in.*
gam, *fine ſport, diverſion.*
gan, *give, did give.*
gate, *a way or path.*
gaunt, *lean, empty.* A. S.
gawby, *a dunce.*
gawm, *underſtand, to mind.*
gawmblt, *played the fool.*
gawmleſs, *ſenſeleſs.* A. S.
gawſtring, *boaſting.*
geaw, *go.*
geh, gi, *give.*
geete, *did get.*
geet, *give it.*
gex, geawſe, *gueſs.* Du.
get'n, *got.*
gillers, *lengths of hair.*
glendurt, *ſtared.* A. S.
glent, *glance, ſly look.* A. S.
glenting, *glancing.* A. S.
glooart, *ſtared.* A. S
glopp'nt, *frightened.*
gobbin, gobſlotch, *a greedy clowniſh perſon.*
goddil, *God will.*
gog, *to ſet a gog is to ſet on.*
gonner, *a gander.*

gooa, *go.*
gooan, *gone.*
good lorjus deys, *good Lord Jeſus what days.*
gorſes, *furze.* A. S.
gowd, *gold.*
gran, *did grin.*
greadly, *well, handſomely.*
greave, *a grave.*
greawnd, *ground, the earth.*
greaſe, *fat, graſs.*
greeof *or* greeof-by, *right or very near ſo.*
grim'd, *beſmeared.* Bel.
grin, *ſnare, a ſneering laugh.*
gripp'n, *clinched.*
gronny, *a grandmother.*
groop, *the place where cattle piſs in a ſhippen.*
grope, *to feel awkwardly, or in the dark.* A. S.
gurd o'leawhing, *fit of laughter*
gutt', *go to.*

H

HA, hav, han, *have.*
Hackt, *knocked together, cut bunglingly.*
Had'n, *had.*
Hal o' Nab's, *Henry of Abraham's.*
halliblaſh, *a great blaze.*
hongum, *hang them.*
hanker, *to deſire, to covet.*
haply, *perhaps.*
harbur, *to entertain.* A. S.
harms, *after, to ſpeak the ſame thing, like an echo.*
har-ſtone, *hearth-ſtone.*
hawmpoo, *to halt.*
hawpunny, *halfpenny.*
hawm-bark, *collar of a horſe.*
hawve, *half.*
healo, *baſhful.*
hearo, *hear you.*
heaſty, *haſty.*
hee, *a male, high.*
he'er, *he was.*
hee-witch, *a wizard.*
heaw, *how.*
heawſe, *houſe.*
heaw't, *how it.*
heeve, *did heave or lift up.*
height, *have it, high.*
helt, *likely.*
hem, *the hedge.*
het, *hight, or named.* A. S.
hew'r, hure, *hair.*
heygomad, *like mad.*
hey-mough, *hay-mow.*
heyvy, *heavy.*
hill, *to cover.* A. S.
hit, *it, the thing.*
ho, *a hall.*
hoave, *half, did heave.*
hobs, *ſtones at each end of the fire; a duncely fellow.*
hobbil, *a natural blockhead.*
hobble-te-hoy, *a ſtripling at full age of puberty.*
hobgoblin, *an apparition.*
hobthurſt, *the ſame, ſuppoſed to haunt only woods.*
hog-mutton, *mutton of a year-old ſheep.*
hondle, *handle.*
hong, *hang.*
hont, *hand.*
hontle, *handful.*
hongry, *hungry.*
hongim, *hang him.*
hoo, *ſhe.* Br.
hoor, *a whore, ſhe was.*
hooſe, *ſhe is.*
horſe-ſtone, *ſteps to mount horſes.*
hough, *a foot, the leg.*
how, *whole.*
howd, *hold.*
howd'n, *holden.*
howſome, *wholeſome.*

hoyde,

hoyde, *a ſkin, to hide.*
hoyſe, *hoſe.*
hoyts, *long rods or ſticks.*
hummobee, *the large round bee*
humpſtridd'n, *a-ſtride.*
hur, *her*
hurn, *a horn.* A. S.
huſht, *ſilence.* Du.
hus, *we.*

I

ICCLES, *long pieces of ice.*
Id, *he had, I had.*
I'd, *I had, I would.*
idd'n, *you had.*
if idd'n, *if you would.*
ift, *if thou.*
iftle, *if thou wilt.*
i'll, *I will, he will.*
ill favort, *ugly.*
im, *him.*
in, *that, if, than.*
infarm, *inform.*
inneh, *if I, if you.*
innin, *if you will.*
int, intle, *if thou wilt.*
into, *if thou.*
i'r, *I was.*
i'ſt, *I ſhall, alſo I ſhould.*
it', *I to.*
ittle, *it will.*

J

JACKANAPES, *a term of Deriſion.*
Jannock, *a Loaf made of oat-meal leavened.*
jawnt, *walking, or riding out.*
Jone's, *John's.*
jump, *a coat, to leap.*

K

KAWVE, *calf.*
Katty, *Catharine.*
Keaw, *a cow.*
keather, *a cradle.*
keawer, *to ſit or ſtoop down.*
keawnſil, *counſel.*
keck, *to go pertly.* Du.
keel, *to cool.*
keem, *to comb.*
keen-bitt'n, *eager, ſharp-bit.*
keke, *a cake.*
kele, *time, place, circumſtance.*
kene, *a cane, or Cain.*
kere'n, *care.*
kers'n, *chriſtian, to chriſten.*
kerſmt, *chriſtened.*
Kerſmuſs, *Chriſtmas.*
kelt, *caſt.*
keſtit, *reckoned up, to vomit.*
keyvt, *overturned.*
kibbo, *a long ſtick.*
kilt, *killed.*
kin, *kind, ſort.*
kipper, *amorous, luſtful.*
knep, *to bite eaſily.*
knockus, *knuckles.*
ko, *quoth.*

L

LABBOR, *labour.*
Lad, *led.*
Laft, *left.*
lant, *urine.*
lap, *wrap.*
laſtut, *laſted.*
lawmt, *lamed.*
le, *let.*
leawpholes, *loopholes.*
leawſe, *a louſe.*
lee, *lay.*
ledy, *lady.*
leefer, *rather.* A. S.
I'd as leef, *I'd as ſoon.* A. S.
leeof, *leave.*
leep, *did leap.*
leeond, *lend.*
leet, *light of, on, or met with; light and lightning.*
leet'n, *to lighten.*
os thick os leet, *as quick as one flaſh of Lightning follows another.*

lenger,

lenger, *longer.*
lennock, *ſlender, pliable.* Fr.
licker, *more likely.*
lickly, *very likely.*
licklyeſt, *moſt likely.*
like, *to love.*
lik't, *likely to have, did love.*
line, *lain.*
lipp'n, *expect, leaped.*
lipp'nt, *expected.*
lite, *a few.*
lither, *idle.* A. S.
Littlebrough, *a country village near Rochdale.*
loath, *unwilling.* A. S.
loaſt, *looſed, loweſt.*
lonleydey, *a landlady.*
lone, *a lane.*
loothy, *look thee, behold.*
loyſe, *to loſe.*
luckit, *a nurſe's term.*
luff, *love.*
lumber, *miſchief, hurt, uſeleſs houſehold ſtuff.* A. S.
lung, *long.*
Lunnon, *London.*
lunſhon, *a large piece of meat.*

M

MAR, *to ſpoil.* A. S.
Marlocks, *awkward geſtures, fools.*
Marcy, *mercy.*
Margit, *Margaret.*
marry, *a common interjection.*
marry-kem-eawt, *a ſcornful interjection.*
marvil, *wonder, to wonder, admirable.*
maſht, *broken to pieces.*
maſkins, *a ſort of petty oath.*
maunder, *murmuring, wandering, walking ſtupidly.* Fr.
mawkinly, *ſluttiſhly.*
mawkiſh, *ſickly, duncely.* A. S.
mead'n, *a maid, made.*
Meary, *Mary.*
Meary o'Dicks, vid. *Tummus o'Williams.*
meaſter, *maſter.*
meaſy, *giddy.*
mealwt, *mouldy.*
meawſe-neezes, *mouſe-neſts, knaviſh actions.*
meawth, *a mouth.*
meeon, *mean, to go halves, a thing bad in its kind.*
meeny, *a family, many.* Fr.
meeterly, *indifferent, moderate.*
meet-neaw, *this moment.*
meet-ſhad, *exceeded.*
meety, *mighty.*
meeverly, *modeſtly, handſomely, gently.*
meh, *me, my.*
mennaw, *cannot, may not.* A. S.
mey, *may, make.*
mex'n, *to cleanſe a ſtable.* &c. A. S.
meyt, *meat.*
mezzil-feas'd, *fiery faced, full of red pimples.* Du.
midge, *a gnat.* A. S.
middingſpuce, *a ſink or ſewer.* Br.
misfartins, *misfortunes.*
miſgives, *forebodes, tells.*
miſmannert, *clowniſh.*
miſtruſtit, *doubted, ſuſpected.*
mitch-go-deet'o, *much good may it do you.*
mittens, *gloves without fingers, a very ſtrong pair to hedge in.* Fr.
moider, *to puzzle, a moidore.*
mon, *a man.*
monny, *many.*
mooaſt, *moſt.*
moor, *a hill, a common, more.*

moother, *mother.*
moot, *might.* A. S.
moot'n, *might have done.*
mough'n, *being very hot, to ſweat, from molton.* A. S.
mourning, *morning.*
mowdywarp, *a mole.* A. S.
moydert, *puzzled, nonpluſſed.*
mun or munt, *muſt.*
munneh, *muſt I.*
muſtert-bo, *muſtard ball.*

N

NAB, *a by-name for Abraham.*
Naw, *not.*
ne, *nay.*
neamt, *named.*
neatril, *a natural, a fool.*
neaw, nay, *now*
ned, need'n, *need, did not need.*
neceſſary, *acceſſary.*
neen, *eyes, nine.*
neeſt, *a neſt, higheſt.* A. S.
neet, *night.*
nele, *a nail.*
neme, *a name.*
neſe, *the noſe.* A. S.
newer, *never.*
ney, *nay,*
neyve, *a fiſt.*
ninnyhommer, *a vile dunce.*
Nip, *the name of a dog, to pinch, bite, cheat or wrong.*
noant, *an aunt.*
nook, *a corner.* Bel.
noon, *an oven.*
now, *no.*
nown, *own.*
nowt, *nothing, naught or bad.*
nudge, *to jog, or hit.*
nuer, *never.*

O

O', *a, on, you, and of.*
, Oamfrey, *Humphrey.*
Oandurth, *afternoon.* A. S.
oather, *either.*
obeawt, *about.*
oboon, *above.*
obunnunze, *abundance.*
od, *God, ſtrange.*
oddsfiſh, *God's fleſh.*
odds-on-eends, *odd trifling things.*
off-at-ſide, *mad, delirious.*
ofore, *before.*
ogen, *again, againſt.*
ogreath, *well, right.*
on, *in, on, and, of, upon.*
onner, *of your.*
onny, *any.*
os lee'f, *I would chuſe.* A. S.
oſſing, *trying, offering.*
oſt, *as the, as it, tried.*
ot, *at, that.*
ouſel, *a blackbird.* A. S.
owd, *old.*
Owd Harry, Owd Nick, *name for the Devil.*
Owdhum, *a large village near Rochdale.*
owey, *away.*
owt, *any thing, good.* A. S.
oytch, *each, every.*

P

PAPPER, *paper.*
Parfit, *perfect.*
Parriſht, *ſtarved, very cold.*
pars'n, *parſon, perſon.*
peawnd, *a pound.*
peawer, *abundance, might.*
pede, *paid.*
peſtil, *the ſhank of a ham of bacon.*
pey, *a pea.*
peyling, *ſtriking, or knocking rudely.*
phippunny, *fivepenny.*
pickle, *caſe, condition.* Du.
piece-woo, *as much wool as makes a piece.*

pinn, *to do a thing in haſte.*
piſſmote, *an ant.*
pleawmtree, *plumbtree.*
pleck, *a place.* A. S.
pleeos, *pleaſe.*
plucks, *the lungs.*
pood, *pulled.*
popt, *dipped, put in.*
poſſing, *an action between thruſting and knocking.*
pottert, *diſturbed, vexed.*
powler, *to ramble about, to make a great ſtir in water.*
powſe, *lumber, offal.*
powſement, *a term given to bad perſons.*
pratty, *pretty.*
preaſt, *praiſed.*
pre o, prey o, *pray you.*
prime, *the beſt, or very good.*
primely, *very well.*
prooft *proved.*
provon, *provender.*
punch'd, purr'd, *kicked.*
puppy, *a fool, a puppet.*
pynots, *magpies.*

Q

QUiet'nt, *made ſtill.*
Quifting pots, *half gills, from quaffing.* A.S.

R

RAbblement, *the mob.*
Raddle, *to beat ſoundly.*
Raddlings, *long ſticks.*
rank, *wrong.*
raſcatly, *knaviſh.*
Ratchdaw, *Rochdale, a town in Lancaſhire.*
rattlt, *ſcolded, from rattled.*
reant, *rained.*
rearſt, *fineſt, beſt.*
reeak, *to ſquall, to make a ſhrieking noiſe.* A. S.
reeam, *cream.*
reeam-mug, *the cream-mug.*
reeſupper, *a ſecond ſupper.*
reet, *right.*
reecht, *ſmoked.* A. S.
reytch, *reach.*
rick, *to gingle, to ſcold, a ſtack of corn.* A. S.
ricking, *jingling, ſcolding.*
ridd'n, *did ride, or being rid.*
riddle, *a courſe ſieve.* A. S.
riggot, *a channel or gutter.*
rindle, *a gutter.*
rook, *a heap.*
roozt, *commended, praiſed, a reſt for poultry.* A. S.
rott'n, *a rat, putrified* .A. S.
roytch, *rich.*
Rutchot o'Jack's, vid. *Tummus o'Williams.*
ryz'n-hedge, *a fence of ſtakes and twiſted boughs.*

S

SAIGH, *did ſee.*
Sappling, *a young oak.*
Sark, *a ſhirt.* A. S.
ſartinly, *certainly.*
ſattlt, *quiet, from ſettled.*
ſavort'n, *did ſavour.*
ſawgh, *a kind of willow.*
ſawfly, *ſoftly, ſlily.*
ſawnter, *to walk idly about.*
ſawt, *ſalt,*
ſcampurt. *ran faſt.* Du.
ſcant, *very ſcarce, rare.* A. S.
ſcawd, *to ſcold.*
ſcap-gallows, *a term of reproach.*
ſcawp, *the head.* Du.
ſcoance, *a lantern, the head.* Bel.
ſcratting, *a pulling with the nails.*
ſcrawm, *to climb awkwardly.*
ſcrunt, *an over-worn wig.*
ſcutch, *to whip, to do a thing ſlightly.*

ſeawke,

ſeawke, *ſuck, to ſuck.*
ſeawndly, *ſoundly, heartily.*
ſeawr, *ſour, ill-natured.*
ſeech, *ſeek.*
ſeed, *ſaw.*
ſeel'n, *ſeldom.*
ſeely, *weak in body, trifling, empty headed.*
ſee't, *ſaw it, ſee it, a ſight.*
ſeete, *ſat, did ſit.*
ſeete owey, *ſet off, or out.*
ſefe, *ſafe.*
ſeign, *ſeven.*
ſeln, *ſelf.*
ſenneh, *ſay you.*
ſennit, *a week.*
ſey, *ſay.*
'sfleſh, *God's fleſh.*
ſfrad, *excelled, divided.* A. S.
ſhawm, *ſhame.*
ſhed, *ſpilled.*
ſheamt, *aſhamed.*
ſheawt, *ſhout.*
ſhiar or ſhire, *quite, entirely.*
ſhilders, *ſhoulders.*
ſhippen, *a cowhouſe.* A. S.
ſhoavt, *thruſt or puſhed.*
ſhoo, *a ſhovel or ſpade.*
ſhoon, *ſhoes.*
ſhough, *a ſhoe.*
ſhu, *a term to frighten poultry.*
ſhuing, *a frightening fowls.*
ſiftit, *examined.*
ſimpert, *minced words, affectedly.* A. S.
ſin, *ſince.*
ſinglet, *an undyed woollen waiſtcoat.*
ſinkdurt, *channel-mud.*
ſitch, *ſuch,*
ſkeawr, *to make haſte, to ſcour.* Teu.
ſkirmidge, *a little battle.*
ſkrike o'dey, *day-break.*
ſkrike, *to ſquall or cry out.*
ſkuſe, *an excuſe.*
ſlap, *a blow.*
ſlapt, *whipt, beaten.*
ſlaver, *the ſpittle.*
ſleawm, *a ſlumber.*
ſleckt, *quenched.*
ſleeveleſs, *to no purpoſe.*
ſlifter, *a crevice.*
ſlop, *a pocket or breeches, a ſlut.* Du.
ſlur, *to ſlide.*
ſmack, *a blow, the crack of a whip.*
ſmeawtch, *a kiſs.*
ſneeze, *ſnuff.* A. S.
ſneeze-hurn, *a ſnuff-box made of the tip of a horn.*
ſnift, *a moment, to ſnuffle at the noſe.* A. S.
ſnig, *an eel.* A. S.
ſnug, *tight, handſome.* Du.
ſoltch, *a heavy fall.*
ſoo, *a ſow.*
ſooary, *ſorry.*
ſo't, *ſo it.*
ſow, *the head.*
ſowgh, *to ſigh.*
ſowd, *ſold.*
ſowt, *ſought,*
ſpeek, *did ſpeak.*
ſperred, *enquired.*
ſpeyk at, *ſpeak to.*
ſpok'n, *ſpoken.*
ſpooart, *ſport.*
ſpoytfo, *ſpiteful.*
ſtank, *did ſtink.* Du.
ſtark, *very ſtiff.* A. S.
ſtark giddy, *very angry.*
ſtawnch, *firm, to ſatisfy.* Fr.
ſteart, *ſtared.*
ſteawp on reawp, *every part.*
ſteeigh, *a ladder, a ſtile.* A. S.
ſteels, *ſtiles.* A. S.
ſtick't, *pierced, gored.*
ſtoar, *value, treaſure.*

ſton,

ſton, *ſtand.*
ſtonning, *ſtanding.*
ſtoo, *a ſtool.*
ſtoode, *ſtood.*
ſtoop, *a ſtump in the roads to keep carts off; pieces of wood or ſtone by which gates are hanged.*
ſtown, *ſtolen.*
ſtracklings, *raſh, fooliſh perſons*
ſtract, *off their ſenſes.*
ſtrawnge, *ſtrange, unknown.*
ſtreek, *did ſtrike.*
ſtrey, *ſtraw.*
ſtrines, *the ſides of a ladder.*
ſtroakt, *ſtroked.*
ſtrung, *ſtrong.*
ſtruſhon, *waſte.*
ſtuff, *to cram, a general name for many things.* Du.
ſtunniſh, *to ſtun, to ſprain the ſinews.*
ſtur, *ſtir.*
ſummot, *ſomewhat.*
ſumheaw, *ſome way.*
ſunk'n, *ſunk.*
ſur, *ſir.*
ſuſe, *ſix.*
ſwarffy, *tawny, blackiſh.* A.S.
ſwarm'n, *do ſwarm.*
ſwat, *ſweat, did ſweat.*
ſwinging ſtick, *a ſtick for beating or opening Wool.*
ſwop, *exchange.*
ſye, *to put milk, &c. through a ſieve; to rain very faſt.*

T

TA', *take.*
T'a, *to a.*
Tak't, *take it.*
at, *that.*
awk'n, *they talk.*
awk'nt, *did talk.*
awm, *to ſwoon, to vomit.*
eh, the, *thy, thee, they.*
tean, *taken.*
tearn, *they were.*
teaw, *to pull, to work hard, to ruffle a perſon, thou.*
teawing, *hawling, ruffling, working hard.* A. S.
teawn, *a town.*
theawſt, *thou ſhalt.*
teawrt, *thou art.*
Teawſer, *Towzer.*
tee, *thee.*
teear, *they were, to rent.*
teeny, *very little.* A. S.
tele, *a tail, or tale.*
tell, *to know.*
tey, *take, thy.*
teytch, *teach.*
'tharcake, *hearth-cake. 'Tis made of oatmeal unleavened, mixed with butter and treacle.*
theaw, *thou.*
theaw'rt, *thou art.*
thearn, *they were.*
theaw'll, *thou wilt.*
theawm, *thumb.*
theawſon, *thouſand.*
theeigh, *thigh.*
theeſe, *theſe.*
they'n, *they will.*
thible, *a thin bit of wood to ſtir meat in pots. &c.* A. S.
thick-podditch, *thick water gruel.*
thin, *than.*
things'n, *things will.*
think; *a thing.*
thiſs'n, *after this manner.*
thooaniſh, *wettiſh.*
thoos'n, *thoſe will.*
thowt, *thought.*
thodden-bread, &c. *is ſaid to be thodden when it is ſtiff and cloſe like the liver of hogs.*

thooal, *to afford.* A. S.
thrang, *throng.* A. S.
threeap, *to argue hot and loud.* A. S.
throddy, *fat, broad, bulky.*
throtteen, *thirteen.*
throttlt, *ſtrangled.*
thrunk, *very buſy.*
thrunk os Thrap-wife, when hoo hong'd 'er ſell ith Diſh-cleawt, *this is ſpoken of perſons triflingly buſy.* A. S.
thrut, *the throw of a ſtone, &c. the throw in wreſtling.*
thrutcht, *did thruſt, am thruſt or ſqueezed.*
thrutchings, *the laſt preſſed whey in making cheeſe.*
thumping, *ſtriking, a thing very large or notorious.*
thurn, *a thorn.*
thwack, *a great blow, a large piece of bread, &c.* A. S.
thwole, *to afford, to allow.* A. S.
thwittle, *a wooden-hafted knife.*
tick, *a vermin on cows, &c.*
tike, *any out-of-the-way perſon is called a tike.*
tilly, *till I.*
timmerſome, *timorous, fearful.*
tit, *a horſe or mare.*
titter or latter, *ſooner or later.* A. S.
tite, *neat, as well, as ſoon.*
toart, *toward.*
tone, *the one.*
tooart, *a t—d.* A. S.
tooad, *a toad.*
tooſe, *theſe.*
to't, *to it.*
too-to, *uſed when any thing excels.*
topple, *ſtagger, to fall.*
tother, *the other.*
towd, *told.*
toyne, *ſhut.*
toynt, *is ſhut.*
toyart, *wearied.*
traunce, *a tedious journey.*
treacle-butter-cake, *bread ſpread over with treacle.*
trice, *a moment, quickly.*
troubl't, *troubled.*
Tum, *a by-name for Thomas.*
Tummus o'William's, o' Margit, o'Roalph's, *Thomas of William's, of Margaret, of Ralph's, proper names uſed in ſome parts of Lancaſhire, to diſtinguiſh perſons, where there are many of the ſame name, in the ſame neigbourhood.*
tung, *tongue.*
tup, *a ram.*
tuppenny, *two-penny.*
turmits, *turnips.*
tuſſle, *to ſtruggle, to wreſtle.*
tutch, *a comical trick.*
twinge, *to nip, to ſqueeze.* Bel.
twindles, *twins.* A. S.
twitch, *to pinch, to nip.* A. S.
'twur, *it was, it were.*
tyke, vid. *tike.*
tyne, *to ſhut.* A. S.
tyney, *very little.*

U

UDdzlud and Uddzo, *from God's-blood and God's-wounds.*
Um, *them.*
Unbethowt, *reflected, remembered.*
Unlaight, *unlaughed.*
Uncoth, *ſtrange, news.* A. S.
Uphowd, *maintain, uphold, to warrant a thing.*

Uptowdteh, *maintain it thee.*
Us't, *uſed.*

V

VArment. *vermin.*
Varra, *very.*
Veeol, *veal.*

W

WAck'nt, *awakened.* Du.
Waggle, *to go like ducks.* Bel.
Walladey, *wail the day!*
wantut, *wanted.*
want'n, *want.*
war and war, *worſe and worſe.*
wark, *work, ached.* A. S.
ward, warld, *world.*
warry, *to curſe.* A. S.
warrit, *did curſe.*
warſt, *worſt.*
wartcht, *ached.* A. S.
waughiſh, *faintiſh, ſickly.*
wawk'n, *walk.*
wawt, *overturn.* A. S.
wear, *to lay out money.* Br.
wea's-me, *woe is me!*
weaughing, *barking.*
weaw, *the cry of a cat.*
weel, *well.*
ween, *we have, we.*
weet, *wet, with it.* A. S.
weh, *with.*
welly, *very near.*
welkin, *the ſky.* A. S.
wem, *the belly.* A. S.
went'n, *went.*
wetur, *water.*
wetur-tawms, *ſick fits.*
wey, *way.*
weynt, *weaned.*
whackert, *quaked, trembled.*
whake, *to tremble.*
whau, *why, well.*
whawm, *warm.*
wheant, *quaint, ſtrange, comical.*
whean, *quean, a ſlut.* Du.
wheem, *near, handy.* A. S.
whewtit, *whiſtled.*
wherk'nt, *ſuffocated.*
wherrit, *a box on the ear, did laugh.*
wherrying, *laughing.*
whelpt, *whelped.* A. S.
whick, *alive.*
whiffo whaffo, or whiff whaff, *trifling words or deeds.*
whinney, *to neigh.* Br.
whirl-booan, *the round bone of the knee.*
whirlybooans, *the knees.*
whiſk-telt, *light of carriage, whoriſh.*
whiſky, *whoriſh.*
whoam, *home.*
whooad. *who would, who had.*
whoo-up, *ſhouting when all's over.*
whoo-who,—whoo-who,—whoo! *great ſurpriſe.*
whot, *what.*
whot's, *what is.*
whottle, *what will.*
why-kawve, *a female calf.*
wick, *week.*
wil-cat, *wild cat, the pole-cat.*
wimmey, *with me.*
winnaw, *will not.*
winte, *the wind.*
wiſtey, *a large ſpacious place.*
witheawt, *without.*
wither, *very ſtrong, luſty.*
wither, *with her, with your.*
wofo, *woeful.*
wonſt, *once, on purpoſe.*
woo, *wool.*
wooans, *lives.* A. S.

wooant,

wooant, *did live.* A. S.
woode, *mad.* A. S.
wort, *a word, new liquor.*
worich, *work.*
wou'd, *I wish.*
wou'didd'n, *I wish you would.*
wough, *a wall.* A. S.
wrang, *wrong.*
Wrynot, *a surname. He shad Wrynot, and Wrynot shad the Devil.*
wrythen, *twisted, ill-natured.*
wundert, *wondered.*
wuns, *lives, an interjection.*
wunt, *did live.* A. S.
wur, *was.*
wurney, *were you.*
wurr, *worse.*
wurr'n, *was, were.*
wurrit, *was it.*
wurther, *was there.*
wythin kibbo, *a willow stick.*

Y

YARB, *a herb.*
Yammer, *to desire eagerly.*
Yarley, *early.*
yean, *you will.*
yeandurth, *before noon.*
yeasy, *easy.*
yeate, *a gate.*
yearnstful, *very earnest.*
years, *ears.*
yeawl, *howl, like a dog.*
Yed, *by-name for Edward.*
Yem, *by-name for Edmund.*
yeoarth, *earth.* A. S.
yepsintle, *two hands full.*
yer, *your.*
yigh, *yes, yea.*
yo, *you.*
yoan, *you will.*
yoar, *you are.*
yoad'n, *you would.*
yoarn, *you was.*
Yorshar, *Yorkshire; to put Yorkshire of a man, is to trick him.*
yort, *a fold or yard.*
yusterdey, *yesterday.*
yung, *young.*

10 JY60